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SHAKESPEARE. MERCHANT OF VENICE. LONDON 1600.

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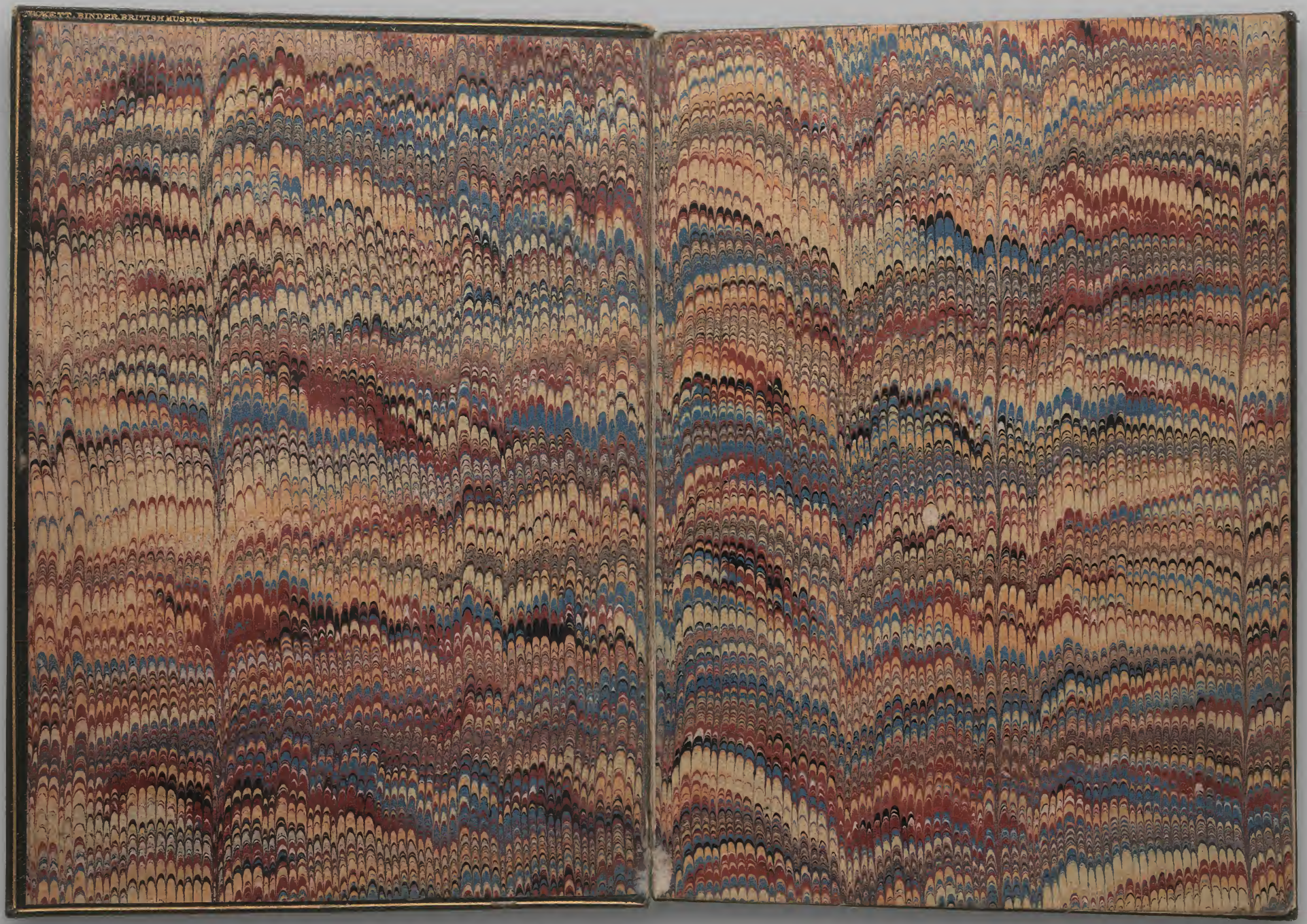

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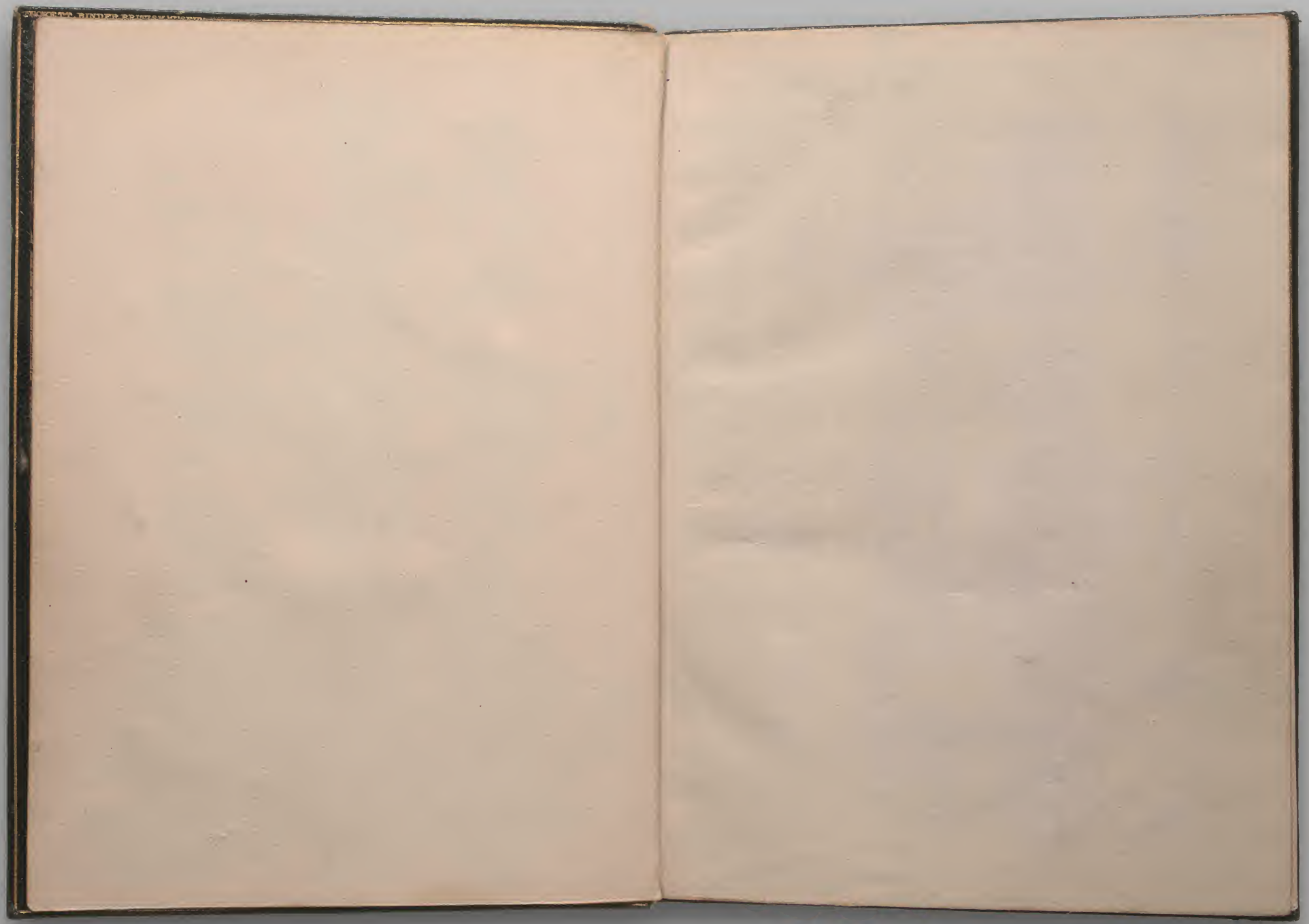

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C.34.k.22

C.34.e.13

The moſt excellent Hiſtorie of the *Merchant of Venice*.

VVith the extreame crueltie of *Shylocke* the Iewe towards the ſayd Merchant, in cutting a iuſt pound of his fleſh: and the obtayning of *Portia* by the choyſe of three cheſts.

As it hath beene diuers times acted by the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants.

Written by William Shakeſpeare.

AT LONDON,
Printed by *I. R.* for Thomas Heyes,
and are to be ſold in Paules Church-yard, at the ſigne of the Greene Dragon.
1600.

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1 The merchant of Venice
2 A midsomer nights dreame
3 Much adoe about nothinge.
4 Law trickes
5 Sir Giles Goserappe.
6 The woeman Hater.
7 The puritane widdow.
8 Lingua
9 Michaellmas Tearme.
10 A Tricke to Catch the ould one.
11 your fine Gallants
12 Cynthias revells
13 Cupids wherligigge
14 The Fleire.
15 The phoenix.

The comicall History of the Merchant of Venice.

Enter *Anthonio*, *Salaryno*, and *Salanio*.

An. IN sooth I know not why I am so sad,
It wearies me, you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuffe tis made of, whereof it is borne,
I am to learne: and such a want-wit sadnes makes of mee,
That I haue much adoe to know my selfe.

Salarino. Your minde is tossing on the Ocean,
There where your Argosies with portlie sayle
Like Signiors and rich Burgars on the flood,
Or as it were the Pageants of the sea,
Doe ouer-peere the petty traffiquers
That cursie to them do them reuerence
As they flie by them with theyr wouen wings.

Salanio. Beleeue mee sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroade. I should be still
Plucking the grasse to know where sits the wind,
Piring in Maps for ports, and peers and rodes:
And euery obiect that might make me feare
Mis-fortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind cooling my broth,
vvould blow me to an ague when I thought
vvhat harme a winde too great might doe at sea.
I should not see the sandie howre-glasse runne
But I should thinke of shallowes and of flatts,
And see my wealthy *Andrew* docks in sand.

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Vayling her high top lower then her ribs
To kisse her burrall; should I goe to Church
And see the holy edifice of stone
And not bethinke me straight of dangerous rocks,
vvhich touching but my gentle vessels side
vvould scatter all her spices on the streame,
Enrobe the roring waters with my silkes,
And in a word, but euen now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I haue the thought
To thinke on this, and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing bechaunc'd would make me sad?
But tell not me, I know *Anthonio*
Is sad to thinke vpon his merchandize.
Anth. Beleeue me no, I thanke my fortune for it
My ventures are not in one bottome trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Vpon the fortune of this present yeere:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.
Sola. Why then you are in loue.
Anth. Fie, fie.
Sola. Not in loue neither: then let vs say you are sad
Because you are not merry; and twere as easie
For you to laugh and leape, and say you are merry
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed *Ianus*,
Nature hath framd strange fellowes in her time:
Some that will euermore peepe through their eyes,
And laugh like Parrats at a bagpyper.
And other of such vinigar aspect,
That theyle not shew theyr teeth in way of smile
Though *Nestor* sweare the iest be laughable.

Enter *Bassanio*, *Lorenso*, and *Gratiano*.

Sola. Here comes *Bassanio* your most noble kinsman, *Gratiano*, and *Lorenso*. Faryewell,
We leaue you now with better company.
Sala. I would haue staid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not preuented me.
Anth. Your worth is very deere in my regard.

I take it your owne busines calls on you,
And you embrace th'occasion to depart.
Sal. Good morrow my good Lords.
Bass. Good signiors both when shal we laugh? say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?
Sal. Weele make our leysures to attend on yours.

Exeunt Salarino, and Solanio.

Lor. My Lord *Bassanio*, since you haue found *Anthonio*
We two will leaue you, but at dinner time
I pray you haue in minde where we must meete.
Bass. I will not faile you.
Grat. You looke not well signior *Anthonio*,
You haue too much respect vpon the world:
They loose it that doe buy it with much care,
Beleeue me you are meruailously changd.
Ant. I hold the world but as the world *Gratiano*,
A stage, where euery man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
Grati. Let me play the foole,
With mirth and laughter let old wrinckles come,
And let my liuer rather heate with wine
Then my hart coole with mortifying grones.
Why should a man whose blood is warme within,
Sit like his grandsire, cut in Alablaster?
Sleepe when he wakes? and creepe into the Iaundies
By beeing peeuish? I tell thee what *Anthonio*,
I loue thee, and tis my loue that speakes:
There are a sort of men whose visages
Doe creame and mantle like a standing pond,
And doe a wilful stilnes entertaine,
With purpose to be dresst in an opinion
Of wisedome, grauitie, profound conceit,
As who should say, I am sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dogge barke.
O my *Anthonio* I doe know of these
That therefore onely are reputed wise

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For saying nothing; when I am very sure
If they should speake, would almost dam those eares
which hearing them would call their brothers fooles,
Ile tell thee more of this another time.
But fish not with this melancholy baite
For this foole gudgin, this opinion:
Come good *Lorenso*, fare ywell a while,
Ile end my exhortation after dinner.

Loren. Well, we will leaue you then till dinner time.
I must be one of these same dumbe wise men,
For *Gratiano* neuer lets me speake.

Gra. Well keepe me company but two yeeres moe
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine owne tongue.

An. Fare you well, Ile grow a talker for this geare.

Gra. Thanks yfaith, for silence is onely commendable
In a neates togue dried, and a mayde not vendable. *Exeunt.*

An. It is that any thing now.

Bass. *Gratiano* speakes an infinite deale of nothing more then any man in all Venice, his reasons are as two graines of wheate hid in two bushels of chaffe: you shall seeke all day ere you finde them, and when you haue them, they are not worth the search.

An. VVell, tell me now what Lady is the same
To whom you swore a secrete pilgrimage
That you to day promisd to tell me of.

Bass. Tis not vnknowne to you *Anthonio*
How much I haue disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Then my faint meanes would graunt continuance:
Nor doe I now make mone to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate, but my cheefe care
Is to come fairely off from the great debts
vvherein my time something too prodigall
Hath left me gagd: to you *Anthonio*
I owe the most in money and in loue,
And from your loue I haue a warrantie
To vnburthen all my plots and purposes
How to get cleere of all the debts I owe.

An. I pray you good *Bassanio* let me know it,
And if it stand as you your selfe still doe,
vvithin the eye of honour, be assurd
My purse, my person, my extreamest meanes
Lie all vnlockt to your occasions.

Bass. In my schoole dayes, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the selfe same flight
The selfe same way, with more aduised watch
To finde the other forth, and by aduenturing both,
I oft found both: I vrge this child-hood proofe
Because what followes is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilfull youth
That which I owe is lost, but if you please
To shoote another arrow that selfe way
vvhich you did shoote the first, I doe not doubt,
As I will watch the ayme or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazzard bake againe,
And thankfully rest debter for the first.

An. You know me well, and heerein spend but time
To wind about my loue with circumstance,
And out of doubt you doe me now more wrong
In making question of my vttermost
Then if you had made waste of all I haue:
Then doe but say to me what I should doe
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest vnto it: therefore speake.

Bass. In *Belmont* is a Lady richly left,
And she is faire, and fairer then that word,
Of wondrous vertues, sometimes from her eyes
I did receaue faire speechlesse messages:
Her name is *Portia*, nothing vndervallewd
To *Catos* daughter, *Brutus Portia*,
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the foure winds blow in from euery coast
Renowned sutors, and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
vvhich makes her seat of *Belmont Cholchos* strond,

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And many *Iasons* come in queſt of her.
O my *Anthonio*, had I but the meanes
To hold a riuall place with one of them,
I haue a minde preſages me ſuch thrift
That I ſhould queſtionleſſe be fortunate.

Anth. Thou knowſt that all my fortunes are at ſea,
Neither haue I money, nor commoditie
To raiſe a preſent ſumme, therefore goe forth
Try what my credite can in Venice doe,
That ſhall be rackt euen to the vttermoſt
To furniſh thee to *Belmont* to faire *Portia*.
Goe preſently enquire and ſo will I
vvhere money is, and I no queſtion make
To haue it of my truſt, or for my ſake. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Portia* with her wayting woman *Nerriſſa*.

Portia. By my troth *Nerriſſa*, my little body is awearie of this great world.

Ner. You would be ſweet Madam, if your miſeries were in the ſame aboundance as your good fortunes are: and yet for ought I ſee, they are as ſicke that ſurfeite with too much, as they that ſtarue with nothing; it is no meane happines therfore to be ſeated in the meane, ſuperfluitie comes ſooner by white haires, but competencie liues longer.

Portia. Good ſentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better if well followed.

Portia. If to do were as eaſie as to know what were good to do, Chappels had beene Churches, and poore mens cottages Princes Pallaces, it is a good diuine that followes his owne inſtructions, I can eaſier teach twentie what were good to be done, then to be one of the twentie to follow mine owne teaching: the braine may deuiſe lawes for the blood, but a hote temper leapes ore a colde decree, ſuch a hare is madnes the youth, to skippe ore the meſhes of good counſaile the cripple; but this reaſoning is not in the faſhion to chooſe mee a husband, ô mee the word chooſe, I may neyther chooſe who I would, nor refuſe who I diſlike, ſo is the will of a lyuing daughter curbd by the will of a deade father: is it not harde

Nerriſſa, that I cannot chooſe one, nor refuſe none.

Ner. Your Father was euer vertuous, and holy men at theyr death haue good inſpirations, therefore the lottrie that he hath deuiſed in theſe three cheſts of gold, ſiluer, and leade, whereof who chooſes his meaning chooſes you, will no doubt neuer be choſen by any rightlie, but one who you ſhall rightly loue: But what warmth is there in your affection towardes any of theſe Princelie ſuters that are already come?

Por. I pray thee ouer-name them, and as thou nameſt them, I will deſcribe them, and according to my deſcription leuell at my affection.

Ner. Firſt there is the Neopolitane Prince.

Por. I thats a colt indeede, for he doth nothing but talke of his horſe, & he makes it a great appropriation to his owne good parts that he can ſhoo him himſelfe: I am much afeard my Ladie his mother plaid falſe with a Smyth.

Ner. Than is there the Countie Palentine.

Por. Hee doth nothing but frowne (as who ſhould ſay, & you will not haue me, chooſe, he heares merry tales and ſmiles not, I feare hee will prooue the weeping Philoſopher when hee growes old, beeing ſo full of vnmannerly ſadnes in his youth.) I had rather be married to a deaths head with a bone in his mouth, then to eyther of theſe: God defend me from theſe two.

Ner. How ſay you by the French Lord, Mounſier *Le Boune*?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him paſſe for a man, in truth I knowe it is a ſinne to be a mocker, but hee, why hee hath a horſe better then the Neopolitans, a better bad habite of frowning then the Count Palentine, he is euery man in no man, if a Traſſell ſing, he falls ſtraght a capring, he will fence with his owne ſhadow. If I ſhould marry him, I ſhould marry twenty husbands: if hee would deſpiſe me, *I* would forgiue him, for if he loue me to madnes, *I* ſhall neuer requite him.

Ner. What ſay you then to Fauconbridge, the young Barron of England?

Por. You know *I* ſay nothing to him, for hee vnderſtands not me, nor *I* him: he hath neither Latine, French, nor *I*talian, & you will come into the Court and ſweare that *I* haue a poore pennie-

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worth in the Englisſh : hee is a proper mans picture, but alas who can conuerſe with a dumbe ſhow ? how odly hee is ſuted, *I* thinke he bought his doublet in *Italie*, his round hoſe in Fraunce, his bonnet in Germanie, and his behauiour euery where.

Nerriſsa. What thinke you of the Scottiſh Lorde his neighbour ?

Portia. That hee hath a neyghbourlie charitie in him, for hee borrowed a boxe of the eare of the Engliſhman , and ſwore hee would pay him againe when he was able : *I* think the Frenchman became his ſuretie, and ſeald vnder for another.

Ner. How like you the young Germaine, the Duke of Saxonies nephew ?

Por. Very vildlie in the morning when hee is ſober , and moſt vildly in the afternoone when he is drunke : when he is beſt, he is a little worſe then a man, & when he is worſt he is little better then a beaſt, and the worſt fall that euer fell , I hope I ſhall make ſhift to goe without him.

Ner. Yf hee ſhoulde offer to chooſe, and chooſe the right Caſket, you ſhould refuſe to performe your Fathers will, if you ſhould refuſe to accept him.

Portia. Therefore for feare of the worſt, *I* pray thee ſet a deepe glaſſe of Reyniſhe vvine on the contrarie Casket , for if the deuill be within, and that temptation without, I knowe hee will chooſe it . I will doe any thing *Nerriſſa* ere *I* will be married to a ſpunge.

Nerriſſa. You needе not feare Ladie the hauing anie of theſe Lords, they haue acquainted me with theyr determinations, which is indeede to returne to theyr home , and to trouble you with no more ſute, vnleſſe you may be wonne by ſome other ſort thē your Fathers impoſition, depending on the Caskets.

Por. Yf I liue to be as old as Sibilla, *I* will die as chaſt as Diana, vnleſſe I be obtained by the maner of my Fathers will : I am glad this parcell of wooers are ſo reaſonable, for there is not one among them but *I* doate on his very abſence: & *I* pray God graunt them a faire departure.

Nerriſſa Doe you not remember Lady in your Fathers time, a Venecian a Scholler & a Souldiour that came hether in companie of the Marqueſſe of Mountferrat ?

Portia.

Portia. Yes, yes, it was *Baſſanio*, as I thinke ſo was he calld.

Ner. True maddam , hee of all the men that euer my fooliſh eyes look'd vpon, was the beſt deſeruing a faire Ladie.

Portia. *I* remember him well, and *I* remember him worthie of thy prayſe.

How nowe, vvhat newes ?

Enter a Seruingman.

Ser. The foure ſtrangers ſeeke for you maddam to take theyr leaue : and there is a fore-runner come from a fift , the Prince of *Moroco*, who brings word the Prince his Maiſter will be heere to night.

Por. Yf *I* could bid the fift welcome with ſo good hart as *I* can bid the other foure farewell, *I* ſhould bee glad of his approch : if he haue the condition of a Saint, and the complexion of a deuill, I had rather he ſhould ſhriue mee then wiue mee. Come *Nerriſſa*, ſirra goe before : whiles we ſhut the gate vpon one wooer, another knocks at the doore. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Baſſanio* with *Shylocke* the Iew.

Shy. Three thouſand ducates, well.

Baſſ. *I* ſir, for three months.

Shy. For three months, well.

Baſſ. For the which as I told you,
Anthonio ſhalbe bound.

Shy. *Anthonio* ſhall become bound, well.

Baſſ. May you ſted me ? Will you pleaſure me ?
Shall *I* know your aunſwere.

Shy. Three thouſand ducats for three months,
and *Anthonio* bound.

Baſſ. Your aunſwere to that.

Shy. *Anthonio* is a good man.

Baſſ. Haue you heard any imputation to the contrary.

Shylocke. Ho no, no, no, no: my meaning in ſaying hee is a good man, is to haue you vnderſtand mee that hee is ſufficient, yet his meanes are in ſuppoſition : hee hath an Argoſie bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies, I vnderſtand moreouer vpon the Ryalta, hee hath a third at Mexico , a fourth for England,

 and

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and other ventures he hath squandred abroade, but ships are but boordes, Saylers but men, there be land rats, and water rats, water theeues, and land theeues, *I* meane Pyrats, and then there is the perrill of waters, windes, and rockes: the man is notwithstanding sufficient, three thousand ducats, *I* thinke *I* may take his bond.

Bas. Be assurd you may.

Iew. *I* will be assurd *I* may: and that *I* may bee assured, *I* will bethinke mee, may *I* speake with *Anthonio?*

Bass. Yf it please you to dine with vs.

Iew. Yes, to smell porke, to eate of the habitation which your Prophet the Nazarit coniured the deuill into: *I* wil buy with you, sell with you, talke with you, walke with you, and so following: but *I* will not eate with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you. What newes on the Ryalto, who is he comes heere?

Enter *Anthonio.*

Bass. This is signior *Anthonio.*

Iew. How like a fawning publican he lookes.
I hate him for he is a Christian:
But more, for that in low simplicitie
He lends out money gratis, and brings downe
The rate of vsance heere with vs in Venice.
Yf *I* can catch him once vpon the hip,
I will feede fat the auncient grudge *I* beare him.
He hates our sacred Nation, and he rayles
Euen there where Merchants most doe congregate
On me, my bargaines, and my well-wone thrift,
vvhich hee calls interrest: Cursed be my Trybe
if *I* forgiue him.

Bass. *Shyloch*, doe you heare.

Shyl. *I* am debating of my present store,
And by the neere gesse of my memorie
I cannot instantly raise vp the grosse
Of full three thousand ducats: what of that,
Tuball a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe
Will furnish me; but soft, how many months
Doe you desire? Rest you faire good signior,
Your worship was the last man in our mouthes.

Shylocke

An. *Shylocke*, albeit *I* neither lend nor borrow
By taking nor by giuing of excesse,
Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
*I*le breake a custome: is hee yet possest
How much ye would?

Shy. *I*, *I*, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shyl. *I* had forgot, three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond: and let me see, but heare you,
Me thoughts you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Vpon aduantage.

Ant. *I* doe neuer vse it.

Shy. When *Iacob* grazd his Vncle *Labans* Sheepe,
This *Iacob* from our holy *Abram* was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalfe)
The third possessor; *I*, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him, did he take interrest?

Shyl. No, not take interest, not as you would say
Directly interest, marke what *Iacob* did,
VVhen *Laban* and himselfe were compremyzd
That all the eanelings which were streakt and pied
Should fall as *Iacobs* hier, the Ewes being ranck
In end of Autume turned to the Rammes,
And when the worke of generation was
Betweene these wolly breeders in the act,
The skilful sheepheard pyld me certaine wands,
And in the dooing of the deede of kind
He stuck them vp before the fulsome Ewes,
Who then conceauing, did in eaning time
Fall party-colourd lambs, and those were *Iacobs.*
This was a way to thriue, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing if men steale it not.

An. This was a venture sir that *Iacob* serud for,
A thing not in his power to bring to passe,
But swayd and fashiond by the hand of heauen.
Was this inserted to make interrest good?
Or is your gold and siluer ewes and rammes?

Shy.

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Shyl. I cannot tell, I make it breede as faſt,
but note me ſignior.
Anth. Marke you this *Baſſanio*,
The deuill can cite Scripture for his purpoſe,
An euill ſoule producing holy witnes
Is like a villaine with a ſmiling cheeke,
A goodly apple rotten at the hart.
O what a goodly out-ſide falſhood hath.
Shy. Three thouſand ducats, tis a good round ſumme.
Three months from twelue, then let me ſee the rate.
Ant. Well *Shylocke*, ſhall we be beholding to you?
Shyl. Signior *Anthonio*, manie a time and oft
In the Ryalto you haue rated me
About my moneyes and my vſances:
Still haue I borne it with a patient ſhrug,
(For ſuffrance is the badge of all our Trybe)
You call me misbeleeuer, cut-throate dog,
And ſpet vpon my Iewiſh gaberdine,
And all for vſe of that which is mine owne.
Well then, it now appeares you neede my helpe:
Goe to then, you come to me, and you ſay,
Shylocke, we would haue moneyes, you ſay ſo:
You that did voyde your rume vpon my beard,
And foote me as you ſpurne a ſtranger curre
Ouer your threſhold, moneyes is your ſute.
What ſhould I ſay to you? Should I not ſay
Hath a dog money? is it poſſible
A curre can lend three thouſand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key
With bated breath, and whiſpring humblenes
Say this: Faire ſir, you ſpet on me on Wedneſday laſt,
You ſpurnd me ſuch a day another time,
You calld me dogge: and for theſe curteſies
Ile lend you thus much moneyes.
Ant. I am as like to call thee ſo againe,
To ſpet on thee againe, to ſpurne thee to.
Yf thou wilt lend this money, lend it not

As to thy friends, for when did friendſhip take
A breede for barraine mettaile of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemie,
Who if he breake, thou maiſt with better face
Exact the penaltie.
Shy. Why looke you how you ſtorme,
I would be friends with you, and haue your loue,
Forget the ſhames that you haue ſtaind me with,
Supply your preſent wants, and take no doyte
Of vſance for my moneyes, and youle not heare mee,
this is kinde I offer.
Baſſ. This were kindneſſe.
Shyl. This kindneſſe will I ſhowe,
Goe with me to a Notarie, ſeale me there
Your ſingle bond, and in a merrie ſport
if you repay me not on ſuch a day
in ſuch a place, ſuch ſumme or ſummes as are
expreſt in the condition, let the forfaite
be nominated for an equall pound
of your faire fleſh, to be cut off and taken
in what part of your bodie pleaſeth me.
Ant. Content infaith, yle ſeale to ſuch a bond,
and ſay there is much kindnes in the Iew.
Baſſ. You ſhall not ſeale to ſuch a bond for me,
Ile rather dwell in my neceſſitie.
An. Why feare not man, I will not forfaite it,
vvithin theſe two months, thats a month before
this bond expires, I doe expect returne
of thrice three times the valew of this bond.
Shy. O father Abram, what theſe Chriſtians are,
Whoſe owne hard dealings teaches them ſuſpect
the thoughts of others: Pray you tell me this,
if he ſhould breake his day what ſhould I gaine
by the exaction of the forfeyture?
A pound of mans fleſh taken from a man,
is not ſo eſtimable, profitable neither
as fleſh of Muttons, Beefes, or Goates, I ſay

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To buy his fauour, I extend this friendſhip,
Yfhe wil take it, ſo, if not adiew,
And for my loue I pray you wrong me not.
An. Yes *Shylocke*, I will ſeale vnto this bond.
Shy. Then meete me forthwith at the Noteries,
Giue him direction for this merry bond
And I will goe and purſe the ducats ſtraite,
See to my houſe left in the fearefull gard
Of an vnthriftie knaue: and preſently
Ile be with you. *Exit.*
An. Hie thee gentle Iewe. The Hebrew will turne
Chriſtian, he growes kinde.
Baſſa. I like not faire termes, and a villaines minde.
An. Come on, in this there can be no diſmay,
My ſhips come home a month before the day.
Exeunt.

Enter *Morochus* a tawnie Moore all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with *Portia*, *Nerriſſa*, and their traine.

Morocho. Miſlike me not for my complexion,
The ſhadowed liuerie of the burniſht ſunne,
To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.
Bring me the fayreſt creature North-ward borne,
Where *Phœbus* fire ſcarce thawes the yſicles,
And let vs make incyzion for your loue,
To proue whoſe blood is reddeſt, his or mine.
I tell thee Lady this aſpect of mine
Hath feard the valiant, (by my loue I ſweare)
The beſt regarded Virgins of our Clyme
Haue lou'd it to: I would not change this hue,
Except to ſteale your thoughts my gentle Queene.
Portia. In termes of choyſe I am not ſoly led
By nice direction of a maydens eyes:
Beſides, the lottrie of my deſtenie
Barrs me the right of voluntary chooſing:
But if my Father had not ſcanted me,

And hedgd me by his wit to yeeld my ſelfe
His wife, who winnes me by that meanes I told you,
Your ſelfe (renowned Prince) than ſtoode as faire
As any commer I haue look'd on yet
For my affection.
Mor. Euen for that I thanke you,
Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets
To try my fortune: By this Symitare
That ſlewe the Sophy, and a Perſian Prince
That wone three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would ore-ſtare the ſterneſt eyes that looke:
Out-braue the hart moſt daring on the earth:
Pluck the young ſucking Cubs from the ſhe Beare,
Yea, mock the Lyon when a rores for pray
To win the Lady. But alas, the while
If *Hercules* and *Lychas* play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his rage,
And ſo may I, blind Fortune leading me
Miſſe that which one vnworthier may attaine,
And die with greeuing.
Portia. You muſt take your chaunce,
And eyther not attempt to chooſe at all,
Or ſweare before you chooſe, if you chooſe wrong
Neuer to ſpeake to Lady afterward
In way of marriage, therefore be aduiſ'd.
Mor. Nor will not, come bring me vnto my chaunce.
Portia. Firſt forward to the temple, after dinner
Your hazard ſhall be made.
Mor. Good fortune then,
To make me bleſt or curſed'ſt among men.
Exeunt.

Enter the Clowne alone.

Clowne. Certainely, my conſcience will ſerue me to runne from this Iewe my Maiſter: the fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, ſaying to me, *Iobbe, Launcelet Iobbe*, good *Launcelet*, or good *Iobbe*,

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or good *Launcelet Iobbe*, vse your legges, take the start, runne away, my conscience sayes no; take heede honest *Launcelet*, take heede honest *Iobbe*, or as afore-saide honest *Launcelet Iobbe*, doe not runne, scorne running with thy heeles; well, the most coragious fiend bids me packe, *fia* sayes the fiend, away sayes the fiend, for the heauens rouse vp a braue minde sayes the fiend, and runne; well, my conscience hanging about the necke of my heart, sayes very wisely to mee: my honest friend *Launcelet* beeing an honest mans sonne, or rather an honest womans sonne, for indeede my Father did something smacke, something grow to; he had a kinde of taste; well, my conscience sayes *Launcelet* bouge not, bouge sayes the fiend, bouge not sayes my conscience, conscience say I you counsaile wel, fiend say I you counsaile well, to be ruld by my conscience, I should stay with the Iewe my Maister, (who God blesse the marke) is a kinde of deuill; and to runne away from the Iewe I should be ruled by the fiend, who sauing your reuerence is the deuill himselfe: certainely the Iewe is the very deuill incarnation, and in my conscience, my conscience is but a kinde of hard conscience, to offer to counsaile mee to stay with the Iewe; the fiend giues the more friendly counsaile: I will runne fiend, my heeles are at your commaundement, I will runne.

Enter old Gobbo with a basket.

Gobbo. Maister young-man, you I pray you, which is the way to Maister Iewes?

Launcelet. O heauens, this is my true begotten Father, who being more then sand blinde, high grauell blinde, knowes me not, I will try confusions with him.

Gobbo. Maister young Gentleman, I pray you which is the way to Maister Iewes.

Launcelet. Turne vp on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marry at the very next turning turne of no hand, but turne downe indirectly to the Iewes house.

Gobbo. Be Gods sonties twill be a hard way to hit, can you tell me

mee whether one *Launcelet* that dwels with him, dwell with him or no.

Launcelet. Talke you of young Maister *Launcelet*, 'marke mee nowe, nowe will I raise the waters; talke you of young Maister *Launcelet*.

Gobbo. No Maister sir, but a poore mans Sonne, his Father though I say't is an honest exceeding poore man, and God bee thanked well to liue.

Launce. Well, let his Father be what a will, wee talke of young Maister *Launcelet*.

Gob. Your worships friend and *Launcelet* sir.

Launce. But I pray you *ergo* olde man, *ergo* I beseech you, talke you of young Maister *Launcelet*.

Gob. Of *Launcelet* ant please your maistership.

Launce. Ergo Maister *Launcelet*, talke not of maister *Launcelet* Father, for the young Gentleman according to fates and destenies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such braunches of learning, is indeede deceased, or as you would say in plaine termes, gone to heauen.

Gobbo. Marry God forbid, the boy was the very staffe of my age, my very prop.

Launcelet. Doe I looke like a cudgell or a houell post, a staffe, or a prop: doe you know me Father.

Gobbo. Alacke the day, I knowe you not young Gentleman, but I pray you tell mee, is my boy G O D rest his soule aliue or dead.

Launcelet. Doe you not know me Father.

Gobbo. Alack sir I am sand blind, I know you not.

Launcelet. Nay, in deede if you had your eyes you might fayle of the knowing mee: it is a wise Father that knowes his owne childe. Well, olde man, I will tell you newes of your sonne, giue mee your blessing; trueth will come to light, murder cannot bee hidde long, a mannes Sonne may, but in the ende trueth will out.

Gobbo. Pray you sir stand vp, I am sure you are not *Launcelet* my boy.

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Launce. Pray you let's haue no more fooling, about it, but giue mee your blessing: I am *Launcelet* your boy that was, your sonne that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my sonne.

Launc. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am *Launcelet* the Iewes man, and I am sure *Margerie* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margerie* in deede, ile be sworne if thou bee *Launcelet*, thou art mine owne flesh and blood: Lord worshipt might he be, what a beard hast thou got; thou hast got more haire on thy chinne, then Dobbin my phillhorse hase on his taile.

Launce. It should seeme then that Dobbins taile growes backward. I am sure hee had more haire of his taile then I haue of my face when I lost saw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou changd: how doost thou and thy Master agree, I haue brought him a present; how gree you now?

Launce. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I haue set vp my rest to runne away, so I will not rest till I haue runne some ground; my Maister's a very Iewe, giue him a present, giue him a halter, I am famisht in his seruice. You may tell euery finger I haue with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, giue me your present to one Maister *Bassanio*, who in deede giues rare newe Lyuories, if I serue not him, I will runne as farre as God has any ground. O rare fortune, heere comes the man, to him Father, for I am a Iewe if I serue the Iewe any longer.

Enter Bassanio *with a follower or two.*

Bass. You may doe so, but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by fiue of the clocke: see these Letters deliuered, put the Lyueries to making, and desire *Gratiano* to come anone to my lodging.

Launce. To him Father.

Gob. God blesse your worship.

Bass. Gramercie, wouldst thou ought with me.

Gobbe. Heere's my sonne sir, a poore boy.

Launce. Not a poore boy sir, but the rich Iewes man that would sir as my Father shall specifie.

Gob.

Gob. He hath a great infection sir, as one would say to serue.

Lau. Indeede the short and the long is, *I* serue the Iewe, & haue a desire as my Father shall specifie.

Gob. His Maister and he (sauing your worships reuerence) are scarce catercosins,

Lau. To be briefe, the very truth is, that the Iewe hauing done me wrong, dooth cause me as my Father being I hope an old man shall frutifie vnto you.

Gob. I haue heere a dish of Doues that I would bestow vppon your worship, and my suite is.

Lau. In very briefe, the suite is impertinent to my selfe, as your worship shall knowe by this honest old man, and though I say it, though old man, yet poore man my Father.

Bass. One speake for both, what would you?

Laun. Serue you sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtaind thy suite,
Shylocke thy Maister spoke with me this day,
And hath preferd thee, if it be preferment
To leaue a rich Iewes seruice, to become
The follower of so poore a Gentleman.

Clowne. The old prouerb is very well parted betweene my Maister *Shylocke* and you sir, you haue the grace of God sir, and hee hath enough.

Bass. Thou speakst it well; goe Father with thy Sonne
Take leaue of thy old Maister, and enquire
My lodging out, giue him a Lyuerie
More garded then his fellowes: see it done.

Clowne. Father in, I cannot get a seruice, no, I haue nere a tong in my head, wel: if any man in Italy haue a fayrer table which dooth offer to sweare vpon a booke, I shall haue good fortune; goe too, heere's a simple lyne of life, heeres a small tryfle of wiues, alas, fifteene wiues is nothing, a leuen widdowes and nine maydes is a simple comming in for one man, and then to scape drowning thrice, and to be in perrill of my life with the edge of a featherbed, heere are simple scapes: vvell, if Fortune be a woman she's a good wench for this gere: Father come, ile take my leaue of the Iewe in

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the twinkling. *Exit Clowne.*

Bass. I pray thee good *Leonarde* thinke on this,
These things being bought and orderly bestowed
Returne in hast, for I doe feast to night
My best esteemd acquaintance, hie thee goe.

Leon. My best endeuours shall be done heerein. *Exit Leonarde.*

Enter Gratiano.

Grati. Where's your Maister.

Leonar. Yonder sir he walkes.

Grati. Signior *Bassanio.*

Bass. Gratiano.

Gra. I haue sute to you.

Bass. You haue obtaind it.

Gra. You must not deny me, I must goe with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why then you must but heare thee *Gratiano,*
Thou art to wild, to rude, and bold of voyce,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appeare not faults
But where thou art not knowne, why there they show
Something too liberall, pray thee take paine
To allay with some cold drops of modestie
Thy skipping spirit, least through thy wild behauiour
I be misconstred in the place I goe to,
And loose my hopes.

Gra. Signor *Bassanio,* heare me,
If I doe not put on a sober habite,
Talke with respect, and sweare but now and than,
Weare prayer bookes in my pocket, looke demurely,
Nay more, while grace is saying hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh and say amen:
Vse all the obseruance of ciuillity
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his Grandam, neuer trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay but I barre to night, you shall not gage me
By what we doe to night.

Bass. No that were pitty,

I would

I would intreate you rather to put on
Your boldest sute of mirth, for we haue friends
That purpose merriment: but far you well,
I haue some busines.

Gra. And I must to *Lorenso* and the rest,
But we will visite you at supper time. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iessica *and the Clowne.*

Iessica. I am sorry thou wilt leaue my Father so,
Our house is hell, and thou a merry deuill
Didst rob it of some tast of tediousnes,
But far thee well, there is a ducat for thee,
And *Launcelet,* soone at supper shalt thou see
Lorenso, who is thy new Maisters guest,
Giue him this Letter, doe it secretly,
And so farwell: I would not haue my Father
See me in talke with thee.

Clowne. Adiew, teares exhibit my tongue, most beautifull Pagan, most sweete Iewe, if a Christian doe not play the knaue and get thee, I am much deceaued; but adiew, these foolish drops doe somthing drowne my manly spirit: adiew.

Iessica. Farwell good *Launcelet.*
Alack, what heynous sinne is it in me
To be ashamed to be my Fathers child,
But though I am a daughter to his blood
I am not to his manners: ô *Lorenso*
If thou keepe promise I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian and thy louing wife. *Exit.*

Enter Gratiano, Lorenso, Salaryno, and Salanio.

Loren. Nay, we will slinke away in supper time,
Disguise vs at my lodging, and returne all in an houre.

Gratia. We haue not made good preparation.

Salari. We haue not spoke vs yet of Torch-bearers,

Solanio. Tis vile vnlesse it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my minde not vndertooke.

Loren. Tis now but foure of clocke, we haue two houres

To

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To furniſh vs; friend *Launcelet* whats the newes. *Enter Launcelet.*

Launcelet. And it ſhal pleaſe you to breake vp this, it ſhal ſeeme to ſignifie.

Loren. I know the hand, in faith tis a faire hand,
And whiter then the paper it writ on
Is the faire hand that writ.

Gratia. Loue, newes in faith.

Launce. By your leaue ſir.

Loren. Whither goeſt thou.

Launc. Marry ſir to bid my old Maiſter the *Iewe* to ſup to night with my new Maiſter the Chriſtian.

Loren. Hold heere take this, tell gentle *Ieſſica*
I will not faile her, ſpeake it priuatly,
Goe Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this maske to night,
I am prouided of a Torch-bearer. *Exit Clowne.*

Sal. *I* marry, ile be gone about it ſtraite.

Sol. And ſo will *I.*

Loren. Meete me and *Gratiano* at *Gratianos* lodging
Some houre hence.

Sal. Tis good we doe ſo. *Exit.*

Gratia. Was not that Letter from faire *Ieſſica.*

Loren. I muſt needes tell thee all, ſhe hath directed
How I ſhall take her from her Fathers houſe,
What gold and iewels ſhe is furniſht with,
What Pages ſute ſhe hath in readines,
Yf ere the Iewe her Father come to heauen,
Yt will be for his gentle daughters ſake,
And neuer dare misfortune croſſe her foote,
Vnleſſe ſhe doe it vnder this excuſe,
That ſhe is iſſue to a faithleſſe Iewe:
Come goe with me, perуſe this as thou goeſt,
Faire *Ieſſica* ſhall be my Torch-bearer. *Exit.*

Enter Iewe and his man that was the Clowne.

Iewe. Well, thou ſhalt ſee, thy eyes ſhall be thy iudge,
The difference of old *Shylocke* and *Baſſanio*;
What *Ieſſica*, thou ſhalt not gurmandize

As thou haſt done with mee: vvhat *Ieſſica*,
and ſleepe, and ſnore, and rend apparraile out.
Why *Ieſſica* I ſay.

Clowne. Why *Ieſſica.*

Shy. Who bids thee call? I doe not bid thee call.

Clow. Your vvorſhip was wont to tell me,
I could doe nothing without bidding.

Enter *Ieſſica.*

Ieſſica. Call you? vvhat is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to ſupper *Ieſſica,*
There are my keyes: but wherefore ſhould I goe?
I am not bid for loue, they flatter me,
But yet Ile goe in hate, to feede vpon
The prodigall Chriſtian. *Ieſſica* my girle,
looke to my houſe, *I* am right loth to goe,
There is ſome ill a bruing towards my reſt,
For I did dreame of money baggs to night.

Clowne. I beſeech you ſir goe, my young Maiſter
doth expect your reproch.

Shy. So doe *I* his.

Clowne. And they haue conſpired together, *I* vvill not ſay you ſhall ſee a Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for nothing that my noſe fell a bleeding on black monday laſt, at ſixe a clocke ith morning, falling out that yeere on aſhwenſday was foure yeere in thafternoone.

Shy. What are there maskes? heare you me *Ieſſica,*
lock vp my doores, and when you heare the drumme
and the vile ſqueaking of the wry-neckt Fiffe
clamber not you vp to the caſements then
Nor thruſt your head into the publique ſtreete
To gaze on Chriſtian fooles with varniſht faces:
But ſtop my houſes eares, *I* meane my caſements,
let not the ſound of ſhallow fopprie enter
my ſober houſe. By *Iacobs* ſtaffe I ſweare
I haue no minde of feaſting forth to night:
but *I* will goe: goe you before me ſirra,
ſay *I* will come.

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Clowne. I will goe before sir.
Mistres looke out at window for all this,
there will come a Christian by
vvill be worth a Iewes eye.

Shyl. What sayes that foole of *Hagars* ofspring? ha.

Iessica. His words were farewell mistris, nothing els.

Shy. The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder,
Snaile slow in profit, and he sleepes by day
more then the vvild-cat: drones hiue not with me,
therefore *I* part with him. and part with him
to one that I would haue him helpe to wast
his borrowed purse. Well *Iessica* goe in,
perhaps *I* will returne immediatlie,
do as I bid you, shut dores after you, fast bind, fast find.
a prouerbe neuer stale in thriftie minde. *Exit.*

Ies. Farewell, and if my fortune be not crost,
I haue a Father, you a daughter lost. *Exit.*

Enter the maskers, *Gratiano* and *Salerino.*

Gra. This is the penthouse vnder which *Lorenzo*
desired vs to make stand.

Sal. His howre is almost past.

Gra. And it is meruaile he out-dwells his howre,
for louers euer runne before the clocke.

Sal. O tenne times faster *Venus* pidgions flie
to seale loues bonds new made, then they are wont
to keepe obliged faith vnforfaited.

Gra. That euer holds: who riseth from a feast
vvith that keene appetite that he sits downe?
vvhere is the horse that doth vntread againe
his tedious measures with the vnbated fire
that he did pace them first: all things that are
are with more spirit chased then enioyd.
How like a younger or a prodigall
the skarfed barke puts from her native bay
hugd and embraced by the strumpet wind,
how like the prodigall doth she returne

vvith ouer-wetherd ribbs and ragged sailes
leane, rent, and beggerd by the strumpet wind?

Enter *Lorenzo.*

Sal. Heere comes *Lorenzo*, more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet freends, your patience for my long abode
not I but my affaires haue made you waite:
vvhen you shall please to play the theeues for wiues
Ile watch as long for you then: approch
here dwels my father Iew. Howe whose within?

Iessica aboue.

Iess. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit Ile sweare that I doe know your tongue.

Lor. *Lorenzo* and thy loue.

Iessica. *Lorenzo* certaine, and my loue indeed,
for who loue I so much? and now who knowes
but you *Lorenzo* whether I am yours?

Lor. Heauen & thy thoughts are witnes that thou art.

Ies. Heere catch this casket, it is worth the paines,
I am glad tis night you doe not looke on me,
for I am much ashamde of my exchange:
But loue is blinde, and louers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselues commit,
for if they could, *Cupid* himselfe would blush
to see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Ies. What, must I hold a candle to my shames,
they in themselues goodsooth are too too light.
Why, tis an office of discouery loue,
and I should be obscurd.

Lor. So are you sweet
euen in the louely garnish of a boy, but come at once,
for the close night doth play the runaway,
and we are staid for at *Bassanios* feast.

Ies. I will make fast the doores & guild my selfe
with some mo ducats, and be with you straight.

Gra. Now by my hoode a gentle, and no Iew.

Lor. Beshrow me but I loue her hartilie,

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For she is wise, if I can iudge of her,
and faire she is, if that mine eyes be true,
and true she is, as she hath proou'd herselfe:
And therefore like herselfe, wise, faire, and true,
shall she be placed in my constant soule. Enter *Iessica.*
What, art thou come, on gentleman, away,
our masking mates by this time for vs stay. *Exit.*

Enter *Anthonio.*

An. VVhose there?

Gra. Signior *Anthonio?*

Anth. Fie, fie Gratiano, where are all the rest?
Tis nine a clocke, our friends all stay for you,
No maske to night, the wind is come about
Bassanio presently will goe abord,
I haue sent twentie out to seeke for you.

Gra. I am glad ont, I desire no more delight
then to be vnderstaile, and gone to night. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Portia* with *Morrocho* and both theyr traines.

Por. Goe, draw aside the curtaines and discouer
the seuerall caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choyse.

Mor. This first of gold, who this inscription beares,
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire.
The second siluer, which this promise carries,
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserues.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.
How shall I know if I doe choose the right?

Por. The one of them containes my picture Prince,
if you choose that, then I am yours withall.

Mor. Some God direct my iudgement, let me see,
I will suruay th'inscriptions, back againe,
What saies this leaden casket?
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath,
Must giue, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?
This casket threatens men that hazard all

doe

doe it in hope of faire aduantages:
A golden minde stoopes not to shewes of drosse,
Ile then nor giue nor hazard ought for lead.
What sayes the siluer with her virgin hue?
Who chooseth me, shal get as much as he deserues.
As much as he deserues, pause there *Morocho,*
and weigh thy valew with an euen hand,
If thou beest rated by thy estimation
thou doost deserue enough, and yet enough
May not extend so farre as to the Ladie:
And yet to be afeard of my deseruing
vvere but a weake disabling of my selfe.
As much as I deserue, why thats the Ladie.
I doe in birth deserue her, and in fortunes,
in graces, and in qualities of breeding:
but more then these, in loue I doe deserue,
vvhat if I straid no farther, but chose heere?
Lets see once more this saying grau'd in gold:
Who chooseth me shall gaine what many men desire:
Why thats the Ladie, all the world desires her.
From the foure corners of the earth they come
to kisse this shrine, this mortall breathing Saint.
The Hircanion deserts, and the vastie wildes
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
for Princes to come view faire *Portia.*
The waterie Kingdome, whose ambitious head
Spets in the face of heauen, is no barre
To stop the forraine spirits, but they come
as ore a brooke to see faire *Portia.*
One of these three containes her heauenly picture.
Is like that leade containes her, twere damnation
to thinke so base a thought, it were too grosse
to ribb her sercloth in the obscure graue,
Or shall I thinke in siluer shees immurd
beeing tenne times vndervalewed to tride gold,
O sinfull thought, neuer so rich a Iem
vvas set in worse then gold. They haue in England

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A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell
ſtampt in gold, but thats inſculpt vpon:
But heere an Angell in a golden bed
lies all vvithin. Deliuer me the key:
heere doe I chooſe, and thriue I as I may.

Por. There take it Prince, and if my forme lie there
then I am yours?

Mor. O hell! what haue wee heare, a carrion death,
vvithin whoſe emptie eye there is a written ſcroule,
Ile reade the writing.

All that gliſters is not gold,
Often haue you heard that told,
Many a man his life hath ſold
But my outſide to behold,
Guilded timber doe wormes infold:
Had you beene as wiſe as bold,
Young in limbs, in iudgement old,
Your aunſwere had not beene inſcrold,
Fareyouwell, your ſute is cold.

Mor. Cold indeede and labour loſt,
Then farewell heate, and welcome froſt:
Portia adiew, I haue too greeu'd a hart
To take a tedious leaue: thus loofers part. *Exit.*

Por. A gentle riddance, draw the curtaines, go,
Let all of his complexion chooſe me ſo. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Salarino* and *Solanio.*

Sal. Why man I ſaw *Baſſanio* vnder ſayle,
vvith him is *Gratiano* gone along;
and in theyr ſhip I am ſure *Lorenzo* is not.

Sola. The villaine Iew with outcries raiſd the Duke,
vvho went with him to ſearch *Baſſanios* ſhip.

Sal. He came too late, the ſhip was vnderſaile,
But there the Duke was giuen to vnderſtand
that in a Gondylo were ſeene together
Lorenzo and his amorous *Ieſſica.*
Beſides, *Anthonio* certified the Duke
they were not with *Baſſanio* in his ſhip.

Sol. I neuer heard a paſsion ſo confuſd,
So ſtrange, outragious, and ſo variable
as the dogge Iew did vtter in the ſtreets,
My daughter, ô my ducats, ô my daughter,
Fled with a Chriſtian, ô my Chriſtian ducats.
Iuſtice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter,
A ſealed bag, two ſealed bags of ducats
of double ducats, ſtolne from me by my daughter,
and Iewels, two ſtones, two rich and precious ſtones,
Stolne by my daughter: iuſtice, find the girle,
ſhee hath the ſtones vpon her, and the ducats.

Sal. Why all the boyes in Venice follow him,
crying his ſtones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Sola. Let good *Anthonio* looke he keepe his day
or he ſhall pay for this.

Sal. Marry well remembred,
I reaſond with a Frenchman yeſterday,
vvho told me, in the narrow ſeas that part
the French and Engliſh, there miſcaried
a veſſell of our country richly fraught:
I thought vpon *Anthonio* when he told me,
and wiſht in ſilence that it were not his.

Sol. You were beſt to tell *Anthonio* what you heare,
Yet doe not ſuddainely, for it may greeue him.

Sal. A kinder gentleman treades not the earth,
I ſaw *Baſſanio* and *Anthonio* part,
Baſſanio told him he would make ſome ſpeede
of his returne: he aunſwered, doe not ſo,
ſlumber not buſines for my ſake *Baſſanio,*
but ſtay the very riping of the time,
and for the Iewes bond which he hath of me
let it not enter in your minde of loue:
be merry, and imploy your cheefeſt thoughts
to courtſhip, and ſuch faire oſtents of loue
as ſhall conueniently become you there,
And euen there his eye being big with teares,
turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
and with affection wondrous ſencible

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He wrung *Bassanios* hand, and so they parted.

Sol. I thinke hee onely loues the world for him,
I pray thee let vs goe and finde him out
and quicken his embraced heauines
vvith some delight or other.

Sal. Doe we so. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Nerrissa* and a Seruiture.

Ner. Quick, quick I pray thee, draw the curtain strait,
The Prince of Arragon hath tane his oath,
and comes to his election presently.

Enter *Arrogon*, his trayne, and *Portia.*

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets noble Prince,
yf you choose that wherein I am containd
straight shall our nuptiall rights be solemniz'd:
but if you faile, without more speech my Lord
you must be gone from hence immediatly.

Arra. I am enioynd by oath to obserue three things,
First, neuer to vnfold to any one
vvhich casket twas I chose; next, if I faile
of the right casket, neuer in my life
to wooe a maide in way of marriage:
lastly, if I doe faile in fortune of my choyse,
immediatly to leaue you, and be gone.

Por. To these iniunctions euery one doth sweare
that comes to hazard for my worthlesse selfe.

Arr. And so haue I addrest me, fortune now
To my harts hope: gold, siluer, and base lead.
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.
You shall looke fairer ere I giue or hazard.
What saies the golden chest, ha, let me see,
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire,
What many men desire, that many may be meant
by the foole multitude that choose by show,
not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,
which pries not to thinteriour, but like the Martlet

builds

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Euen in the force and rode of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not iumpe with common spirits,
And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why then to thee thou siluer treasure house,
Tell me once more what title thou doost beare;
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserues,
And well sayde to; for who shall goe about
To cosen Fortune, and be honourable
vvithout the stampe of merrit, let none presume
To weare an vndeserued dignity:
O that estates, degrees, and offices,
vvere not deriu'd corruptly, and that cleare honour
vvere purchast by the merrit of the wearer,
How many then should couer that stand bare?
How many be commaunded that commaund?
How much low peasantry would then be gleaned
From the true seede of honour? and how much honour
Pickt from the chaft and ruin of the times,
To be new varnist; well but to my choise.
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserues,
I will assume desert; giue me a key for this,
And instantly vnlocke my fortunes heere.

Portia. Too long a pause for that which you finde there.

Arrag. What's heere, the pourtrait of a blinking idiot
Presenting me a shedule, I will reade it:
How much vnlike art thou to *Portia*?
How much vnlike my hopes and my deseruings.
Who chooseth me, shall haue as much as he deserues?
Did I deserue no more then a fooles head,
Is that my prize, are my deserts no better?

Portia. To offend and iudge are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Arrag. What is heere?

The fier seauen times tried this,
Seauen times tried that iudement is,

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That did neuer choose amis,
Some there be that shadowes kis.
Such haue but a shadowes blis:
There be fooles alue Iwis
Siluerd o're, and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will euer be your head:
So be gone, you are sped.

Arrag. Still more foole I shall appeare
By the time I linger heere,
With one fooles head *I* came to woo,
But I goe away with two.
Sweet adiew, ile keepe my oath,
Paciently to beare my wroath.

Portia. Thus hath the candle singd the moath:
O these deliberate fooles when they doe choose,
They haue the wisedome by their wit to loose.

Nerriss. The auncient saying is no heresie,
Hanging and wiuing goes by destinie.

Portia. Come draw the curtaine *Nerrissa.*

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Where is my Lady.

Portia. Heere, what would my Lord?

Mess. Madame, there is a-lighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signifie th'approching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;
To wit, (besides commends and curtious breath)
Gifts of rich valiew; yet I haue not seene
So likely an Embassador of loue.
A day in Aprill neuer came so sweete
To show how costly Sommer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord.

Portia. No more I pray thee, *I* am halfe a-feard
Thou wilt say anone he is some kin to thee,
Thou spendst such high day wit in praysing him:

Come come *Nerrissa*, for I long to see
Quick *Cupids* Post that comes so mannerly.

Nerriss. *Bassanio* Lord, loue if thy will it be. *Exeunt.*

Solanio and Salarino.

Solanio. Now what newes on the Ryalto?

Salari. Why yet it lies there vncheckt, that *Anthonio* hath a ship of rich lading wrackt on the narrow Seas; the Goodwins I thinke they call the place, a very dangerous flat, and fatall, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.

Solanio. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as euer knapt Ginger, or made her neighbours beleeue she wept for the death of a third husband: but it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plaine high way of talke, that the good *Anthonio*, the honest *Anthonio*; O that *I* had a tytle good enough to keepe his name company.

Salari. Come, the full stop.

Solanio. Ha, what sayest thou, why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salari. *I* would it might proue the end of his losses.

Solanio. Let me say amen betimes, least the deuil crosse my prayer, for heere he comes in the likenes of a *Iewe*. How now *Shylocke*, what newes among the Merchants? *Enter Shylocke.*

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughters flight.

Salari. Thats certaine, *I* for my part knew the Taylor that made the wings she flew withall.

Solan. And *Shylocke* for his own part knew the bird was fidge, and then it is the complexion of them all to leaue the dam.

Shy. She is damnd for it.

Salari. Thats certaine, if the deuill may be her Iudge.

Shy. My owne flesh and blood to rebell.

Sola. Out vpon it old carrion, rebels it at these yeeres.

Shy. I say my daughter is my flesh and my blood.

Salari. There is more difference betweene thy flesh and hers, then betweene Iet and Iuorie, more betweene your bloods, then there is betweene red vvine and rennish: but tell vs, doe you heare whether *Anthonio* haue had any losse at sea or no?

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Shy. There I haue another bad match, a bankrout, a prodigall, who dare scarce shewe his head on the Ryalto, a begger that was vsd to come so smug vpon the Mart: let him looke to his bond, he was wont to call me vsurer, let him looke to his bond, hee was wont to lende money for a Christian curtsie, let him looke to his bond.

Salari. Why I am sure if he forfaite, thou wilt not take his flesh, what's that good for?

Shyl. To baite fish with all, if it will feede nothing else, it will feede my reuenge; hee hath disgrac'd me, and hindred me halfe a million, laught at my losses, mockt at my gaines, scorned my Nation, thwarted my bargaines, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and whats his reason, I am a Iewe: Hath not a Iewe eyes, hath not a Iewe hands, organs, dementions, sences, affections, passions, fed with the same foode, hurt with the same weapons, subiect to the same diseases, healed by the same meanes, warmed and cooled by the same Winter and Sommer as a Christian is: if you pricke vs doe we not bleede, if you tickle vs doe wee not laugh, if you poyson vs doe wee not die, and if you wrong vs shall wee not reuenge, if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Iewe wrong a Christian, what is his humillity, reuenge? If a Christian wrong a Iewe, what should his sufferance be by Christian example, why reuenge? The villanie you teach me I will execute, and it shall goe hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a man from Anthonio.

Gentlemen, my maister *Anthonio* is at his house, and desires to speake with you both.

Saleri. We haue beene vp and downe to seeke him.

Enter Tuball.

Solanio. Heere comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot bee matcht, vnlesse the deuill himselfe turne Iewe. *Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Enter Tuball.

Shy. How now *Tuball*, what newes from Genowa, hast thou found my daughter?

Tuball. I often came where I did heare of her, but cannot finde her.

Shylocke. Why there, there, there, there, a diamond gone cost me two thousand ducats in Franckford, the curse neuer fell vpon our Nation till now, I neuer felt it till nowe, two thousand ducats in that, & other precious precious iewels; I would my daughter were dead at my foote, and the iewels in her eare: would she were hearst at my foote, and the ducats in her coffin: no newes of them, why so? and I know not whats spent in the search: why thou losse vpon losse, the theefe gone with so much, and so much to finde the theefe, and no satisfaction, no reuenge, nor no ill lucke stirring but what lights a my shoulders, no sighs but a my breathing, no teares but a my shedding.

Tuball. Yes, other men haue ill lucke to, *Anthonio* as I heard in Genowa?

Shy. What, what, what, ill lucke, ill lucke.

Tuball. Hath an Argosie cast away comming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God, is it true, is it true.

Tuball. I spoke with some of the Saylers that escaped the wrack.

Shy. I thank thee good *Tuball*, good newes, good newes: ha ha, heere in Genowa.

Tuball. Your daughter spent in Genowa, as I heard, one night fourescore ducats.

Shy. Thou stickst a dagger in me, I shall neuer see my gold againe, foure score ducats at a sitting, foure score ducats.

Tuball. There came diuers of *Anthonios* creditors in my company to Venice, that sweare, he cannot choose but breake.

Shy. I am very glad of it, ile plague him, ile torture him, I am glad of it.

Tuball. One of them shewed mee a ring that hee had of your daughter for a Monky.

Shy. Out vpon her, thou tortures mee *Tuball*, it was my Turkies, I had it of *Leah* when I was a Batcheler: I would not haue giuen it for a Wildernes of Monkies.

Tuball. But *Anthonio* is certainly vndone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true, goe *Tuball* fee me an Officer, bespeake him a fortnight before, I will haue the hart of him if he forfeite, for were he out of Venice I can make what merchandize I will: goe *Tuball*, and meete me at our Sinagogue, goe good

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Tuball, at our Sinagogue *Tuball*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and all their traynes.

Portia. I pray you tarry, pause a day or two
Before you hazard, for in choosing wrong
I loose your companie; therefore forbeare a while,
Theres something tells me (but it is not loue)
I would not loose you, and you know your selfe,
Hate counsailes not in such a quallity;
But least you should not vnderstand me well,
And yet a mayden hath no tongue, but thought,
I would detaine you heere some moneth or two
before you venture for me. I could teach you
how to choose right, but then I am forsworne;
So will *I* neuer be, so may you misse me,
But if you doe, youle make me wish a sinne,
That *I* had beene forsworne: Beshrow your eyes,
They haue ore-lookt me and deuided me,
One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours,
Mine owne I would say: but if mine then yours,
And so all yours; ô these naughty times
puts barres betweene the owners and their rights,
And so though yours, not yours, (proue it so)
Let Fortune goe to hell for it, not I.
I speake too long, but tis to peize the time,
To eche it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose,
For as *I* am, *I* liue vpon the racke.

Por. Vpon the racke *Bassanio*, then confesse
vvhat treason there is mingled with your loue.

Bass. None but that vgly treason of mistrust,
vvhich makes me feare th'inioying of my Loue,
There may as well be amity and life
Tweene snow and fire, as treason and my loue.

Por. I but I feare you speake vpon the racke
vvhere men enforced doe speake any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and ile confesse the truth.

Portia. Well then, confesse and liue.

Bass. Confesse and loue
had beene the very sum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my torturer
doth teach me aunsweres for deliuerance:
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Portia. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,
If you doe loue me, you will finde me out.
Nerryssa and the rest, stand all aloofe,
Let musique sound while he doth make his choyse,
Then if he loose he makes a Swan-like end,
Fading in musique. That the comparison
may stand more proper, my eye shall be the streame
and watry death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is musique than? Than musique is
euen as the flourish, when true subiects bowe
to a new crowned Monarch: Such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in breake of day,
That creepe into the dreaming bride-groomes eare,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes
vvith no lesse presence, but with much more loue
Then young Alcides, when he did redeeme
The virgine tribute, payed by howling Troy
To the Sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloofe are the Dardanian vviues:
With bleared visages come forth to view
The issue of th'exploit: Goe Hercules,
Liue thou, I liue with much much more dismay,
I view the fight, then thou that mak'st the fray.

A Song the whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himselfe.

Tell me where is fancie bred,
Or in the hart, or in the head,
How begot, how nourished? *Replie, replie.*

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It is engendred in the eye,
With gazing fed, and Fancie dies:
In the cradle where it lies
Let vs all ring Fancies knell.
Ile begin it.
Ding, dong, bell.
All. *Ding, dong, bell.*
Baſſ. So may the outward ſhowes be leaſt themſelues,
The world is ſtill deceau'd with ornament
In Law, what plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voyce,
Obſcures the ſhow of euill. *In* religion
What damned error but ſome ſober brow
vvill bleſſe it, and approue it with a text,
Hiding the groſnes with faire ornament:
There is no voyce ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;
How many cowards whoſe harts are all as falſe
As ſtayers of ſand, weare yet vpon their chins
The beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars*,
vvho inward ſearcht, haue lyuers white as milke,
And theſe aſſume but valours excrement
To render them redoubted. Looke on beauty,
And you ſhall ſee tis purchaſt by the weight,
vvhich therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteſt that weare moſt of it:
So are thoſe criſped ſnaky golden locks
vvhich maketh ſuch wanton gambols with the wind
Vpon ſuppoſed fairenes, often knowne
To be the dowry of a ſecond head,
The ſcull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled ſhore
To a moſt dangerous ſea: the beautious ſcarfe
vailing an Indian beauty; In a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wiſeſt. Therefore thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee,

Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge
tweene man and man: but thou, thou meager lead
vvhich rather threatenſt then doſt promiſe ought,
thy palenes moues me more then eloquence,
and heere chooſe I, ioy be the conſequence.
Por. How all the other paſſions fleet to ayre,
As doubtfull thoughts, and raſh imbrac'd deſpaire:
And ſhyddring feare, and greene-eyed icalouſie.
O loue be moderate, allay thy extaſie,
In meaſure raine thy ioy, ſcant this exceſſe,
I feele too much thy bleſſing, make it leſſe
for feare *I* ſurfeit.
Baſ. What finde I heere?
Faire *Portias* counterfeit. What demy God
hath come ſo neere creation? moue theſe eyes?
Or whither riding on the balls of mine
ſeeme they in motion? Heere are ſeuerd lips
parted with ſuger breath, ſo ſweet a barre
ſhould ſunder ſuch ſweet friends: heere in her haires
the Paynter playes the Spyder, and hath wouen
a golden meſh tyntrap the harts of men
faſter then gnats in cobwebs, but her eyes
how could he ſee to doe them? hauing made one,
me thinkes it ſhould haue power to ſteale both his
and leaue it ſelfe vnfurniſht: Yet looke how farre
the ſubſtance of my praiſe doth wrong this ſhadow
in vnderpryſing it, ſo farre this ſhadow
doth limpe behind the ſubſtance. Heeres the ſcroule,
the continent and ſummarie of my fortune.

You that chooſe not by the view
Chaunce as faire, and chooſe as true:
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and ſeeke no new.
If you be well pleaſd with this,
and hold your fortune for your bliſſe,
Turne you where your Lady is,
And claime her with a louing kis.

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A gentle ſcroule: Faire Lady, by your leaue,
I come by note to giue, and to receaue,
Like one of two contending in a prize
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eyes:
Hearing applauſe and vniuerſall ſhoute,
Giddy in ſpirit, ſtill gazing in a doubt
vvhether thoſe peales of praiſe be his or no,
So thrice faire Lady ſtand I euen ſo,
As doubtfull whether what I ſee be true,
Vntill confirmd, ſignd, ratified by you.

Por. You ſee me Lord *Baſſanio* where I ſtand,
ſuch as I am; though for my ſelfe alone
I would not be ambitious in my wiſh
to wiſh my ſelfe much better, yet for you,
I would be trebled twentie times my ſelfe,
a thouſand times more faire, tenne thouſand times
more rich, that onely to ſtand high in your account,
I might in vertues, beauties, liuings, friends
exceede account: but the full ſumme of me
is ſume of ſomething: which to terme in groſſe,
is an vnleſſond girle, vnſchoold, vnpractized,
happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
but ſhe may learne: happier then this,
ſhee is not bred ſo dull but ſhe can learne;
happieſt of all, is that her gentle ſpirit
commits it ſelfe to yours to be directed,
as from her Lord, her gouernour, her King.
My ſelfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
is now conuerted. But now I was the Lord
of this faire manſion, maiſter of my ſeruants,
Queene ore my ſelfe: and euen now, but now,
this houſe, theſe ſeruaunts, and this ſame my ſelfe
are yours, my Lords, I giue them with this ring,
vvhich when you part from, looſe, or giue away,
let it preſage the ruine of your loue,
and be my vantage to exclaime on you.

Baſſ. Maddam, you haue bereft me of all words,
onely

onely my blood ſpeakes to you in my vaines,
and there is ſuch confuſion in my powers,
as after ſome oration fairely ſpoke
by a beloued Prince, there doth appeare
among the buzzing pleaſed multitude.
Where euery ſomthing beeing blent together,
turnes to a wild of nothing, ſaue of ioy
expreſt, and not expreſt: but when this ring
parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,
ô then be bold to ſay *Baſſanios* dead.

Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
that haue ſtoode by and ſeene our wiſhes proſper,
to cry good ioy, good ioy my Lord and Lady.

Gra. My Lord *Baſſanio*, and my gentle Lady,
I wiſh you all the ioy that you can wiſh:
for *I* am ſure you can wiſh none from me:
and when your honours meane to ſolemnize
the bargaine of your fayth: I doe beſeech you
euen at that time I may be married to.

Baſſ. With all my hart, ſo thou canſt get a wife.

Gra. I thanke your Lordſhip, you haue got me one.
My eyes my Lord can looke as ſwift as yours:
you ſaw the miſtres, I beheld the mayd:
You lou'd, *I* lou'd for intermiſſion,
No more pertaines to me my lord then you;
your fortune ſtood vpon the caskets there,
and ſo did mine to as the matter falls:
for wooing heere vntill *I* ſwet againe,
and ſwearing till my very rough was dry
with oathes of loue, at laſt, if promiſe laſt
I got a promiſe of this faire one heere
to haue her loue: prouided that your fortune
atchiu'd her miſtres.

Por. Is this true *Nerriſſa*?

Ner. Maddam it is, ſo you ſtand pleaſd withall.

Baſſ. And doe you *Gratiano* meane good fayth?

Gra. Yes faith my Lord.

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Baſſ. Our feaſt ſhalbe much honored in your mariage.
Gra. Wele play with them the firſt boy for a thouſand ducats.
Ner. What and ſtake downe?
Gra. No, we ſhall nere win at that ſport and ſtake downe.
But who comes heere? *Lorenzo* and his infidell?
vvhat, and my old Venecian friend *Salerio?*

Enter *Lorenzo, Ieſſica,* and *Salerio* a meſſenger from Venice.

Baſſa. Lorenzo and *Salerio,* welcome hether,
if that the youth of my newe intreſt heere
haue power to bid you welcome: by your leaue
I bid my very friends and countrymen
ſweet *Portia* welcome.
Por. So doe I my Lord, they are intirely welcome.
Lor. I thanke your honour, for my part my Lord
my purpoſe was not to haue ſeene you heere,
but meeting with *Salerio* by the way
he did intreate me paſt all ſaying nay
to come with him along.
Sal. I did my Lord,
and I haue reaſon for it, Signior *Anthonio*
commends him to you.
Baſſ. Ere I ope his Letter
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
Sal. Not ſicke my Lord, vnleſſe it be in mind,
nor well, vnleſſe in mind: his letter there
vvill ſhow you his eſtate. *open the letter.*
Gra. Nerriſſa, cheere yond ſtranger, bid her welcom.
Your hand *Salerio,* what's the newes from Venice?
How doth that royall Merchant good *Anthonio?*
I know he will be glad of our ſucceſſe,
We are the *Iaſons,* we haue wone the fleece.
Sal. I would you had won the fleece that he hath loſt.
Por. There are ſome ſhrowd contents in yond ſame paper
That ſteales the colour from *Baſſanios* cheeke,
Some deere friend dead, elſe nothing in the world
could turne ſo much the conſtitution

of any conſtant man: what worſe and worſe?
With leaue *Baſſanio* I am halfe your ſelfe,
and I muſt freely haue the halfe of any thing
that this ſame paper brings you.
Baſſ. O ſweete *Portia,*
heere are a few of the vnpleaſant'ſt words
that euer blotted paper. Gentle Lady
when I did firſt impart my loue to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
ranne in my vaines, I was a gentleman,
and then *I* told you true: and yet deere Lady
rating my ſelfe at nothing, you ſhall ſee
how much *I* was a Braggart, when I told you
my ſtate was nothing, I ſhould then haue told you
that *I* was worſe then nothing; for indeede
I haue ingag'd my ſelfe to a deere friend,
ingag'd my friend to his meere enemie
to feede my meanes. Heere is a letter Lady,
the paper as the body of my friend,
and euery word in it a gaping wound
iſſuing life blood. But is it true *Salerio*
hath all his ventures faild, what not one hit,
from Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
from Lisbon, Barbary, and *I*ndia,
and not one veſſell ſcape the dreadfull touch
of Merchant-marring rocks?
Sal. Not one my Lord.
Beſides, it ſhould appeare, that if he had
the preſent money to diſcharge the Iew,
hee would not take it: neuer did *I* know
a creature that did beare the ſhape of man
ſo keene and greedie to confound a man.
He plyes the Duke at morning and at night,
and doth impeach the freedome of the ſtate
if they deny him iuſtice. Twentie Merchants,
the Duke himſelfe, and the Magnificoes
of greateſt port haue all perſwaded with him,

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but none can driue him from the enuious plea
of forfaiture, of iuſtice, and his bond.

Ieſſi. When I was with him, I haue heard him ſweare
to *Tuball* and to *Chus*, his country-men,
that he would rather haue *Anthonios* fleſh
then twentie times the value of the ſumme
that he did owe him: and I know my lord,
if law, authoritie, and power denie not,
it will goe hard with poore *Anthonio*.

Por. Is it your deere friend that is thus in trouble?

Baſſ. The deereſt friend to me, the kindeſt man,
the beſt conditiond and vnwearied ſpirit
in dooing curteſies: and one in whom
the auncient Romaine honour more appeares
then any that drawes breath in *Italie*.

Por. What ſumme owes he the Iew?

Baſſ. For me three thouſand ducats.

Por. What no more, pay him ſix thouſand, & deface the bond:
double ſixe thouſand, and then treble that,
before a friend of this diſcription
ſhall loſe a haire through *Baſſanios* fault.
Firſt goe with me to Church, and call me wife,
and then away to Venice to your friend:
for neuer ſhall you lie by *Portias* ſide
vvith an vnquiet ſoule. You ſhall haue gold
to pay the petty debt twenty times ouer.
When it is payd, bring your true friend along,
my mayd *Nerriſſa*, and my ſelfe meane time
vvill liue as maydes and widdowes; come away,
for you ſhall hence vpon your wedding day:
bid your freends welcome, ſhow a merry cheere,
ſince you are deere bought, I will loue you deere.
But let me heare the letter of your friend.

Sweet Baſſanio, *my ſhips haue all miſcaried, my Creditors grow*
cruell, my eſtate is very low, my bond to the Iewe is forfaite, and ſince in
paying it, it is impoſſible I ſhould liue, all debts are cleerd betweene you
and

and I if I might but ſee you at my death: notwithſtanding, vſe your plea-
ſure, if your loue do not perſwade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O loue! diſpatch all buſines and be gone.

Baſſ. Since *I* haue your good leaue to goe away,
I will make haſt; but till I come againe,
no bed ſhall ere be guiltie of my ſtay,
nor reſt be interpoſer twixt vs twaine.

Exeunt.

Enter the *Iew*, and *Salerio*, and *Anthonio*,
and the Iaylor.

Iew. Iaylor, looke to him, tell not me of mercie,
this is the foole that lent out money gratis.
Iaylor, looke to him.

Ant. Heare me yet good *Shylock*.

Iew. Ile haue my bond, ſpeake not againſt my bond,
I haue ſworne an oath, that I will haue my bond:
thou call'dſt me dogge before thou hadſt a cauſe,
but ſince I am a dog, beware my phanges,
the Duke ſhall graunt me iuſtice, *I* do wonder
thou naughtie Iaylor that thou art ſo fond
to come abroade with him at his requeſt.

An. I pray thee heare me ſpeake.

Iew. Ile haue my bond. I will not heare thee ſpeake,
Ile haue my bond, and therefore ſpeake no more.
Ile not be made a ſoft and dull eyde foole,
to ſhake the head, relent, and ſigh, and yeeld
to chriſtian interceſſers: follow not,
Ile haue no ſpeaking, *I* will haue my bond.

Exit Iew.

Sol. It is the moſt impenitrable curre
that euer kept with men.

An. Let him alone,
Ile follow him no more with bootleſſe prayers.

hee

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hee seekes my life, his reason well *I* know;
I oft deliuerd from his forfeytures
many that haue at times made mone to me,
therefore he hates me.

Sal. I am sure the Duke will neuer grant
this forfaiture to hold.

An. The Duke cannot denie the course of law:
for the commoditie that strangers haue
with vs in Venice, if it be denyed,
will much impeach the iustice of the state,
since that the trade and profit of the citty
consisteth of all Nations. Therefore goe,
these griefes and losses haue so bated me
that *I* shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
to morrow, to my bloody Creditor.
Well *Iaylor* on, pray God *Bassanio* come
to see me pay his debt, and then *I* care not. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Portia, Nerrissa, Lorenzo, Iessica*, and a man of *Portias.*

Lor. Maddam, although I speake it in your presence,
you haue a noble and a true conceite
of god-like amitie, which appeares most strongly
in bearing thus the absence of your Lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
how true a gentleman you send relecfe,
how deere a louer of my Lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the worke
then customarie bountie can enforce you.

Por. I neuer did repent for dooing good,
nor shall not now: for in companions
that doe conuerse and wast the time together,
whose soules doe beare an egall yoke of loue,
there must be needes a like proportion
of lyniaments, of manners, and of spirit;
which makes me thinke that this *Anthonio*
beeing the bosome louer of my Lord,
must needes be like my Lord. If it be so,

how

How little is the cost I haue bestowed
in purchasing the semblance of my soule;
From out the state of hellish cruelty,
This comes too neere the praising of my selfe,
Therefore no more of it: heere other things
Lorenso I commit into your hands,
The husbandry and mannage of my house,
Vntill my Lords returne: for mine owne part
I haue toward heauen breath'd a secret vowe,
To liue in prayer and contemplation,
Onely attended by *Nerrissa* heere,
Vntill her husband and my Lords returne,
There is a Monastry two miles off,
And there we will abide. I doe desire you
not to denie this imposition,
the which my loue and some necessity
now layes vpon you.

Lorenſ. Madame, with all my hart,
I shall obey you in all faire commaunds.

Por. My people doe already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and *Iessica*
in place of Lord *Bassanio* and my selfe.
So far you well till we shall meete againe.

Lor. Faire thoughts and happy houres attend on you.

Iessi. *I* wish your Ladiship all harts content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleasd
to wish it back on you: far you well *Iessica.* *Exeunt.*
Now *Balthaser*, as I haue euer found thee honest true,
So let me find thee still: take this same letter,
and vse thou all th'indeuour of a man,
In speede to Mantua, see thou render this
into my cosin hands Doctor *Belario*,
And looke what notes and garments he doth giue thee,
bring them *I* pray thee with imagin'd speede
vnto the Traiect, to the common Ferrie
which trades to Venice; waast no time in words
but get thee gone, I shall be there before thee.

Baltha.

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Balthz. Madam, I goe with all conuenient ſpeede.

Portia Come on *Nerriſſa*, I haue worke in hand
That you yet know not of; weele ſee our husbands
before they thinke of vs?

Nerriſſa. Shall they ſee vs?

Portia. They ſhall *Nerriſſa*: but in ſuch a habite,
that they ſhall thinke we are accompliſhed
vvith that we lacke; Ile hold thee any wager
vvhen we are both accoutered like young men,
ile proue the prettier fellow of the two,
and weare my dagger with the brauer grace,
and ſpeake betweene the change of man and boy,
vvith a reede voyce, and turne two mincing ſteps
into a manly ſtride; and ſpeake of frayes
like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lyes
how honorable Ladies ſought my loue,
vvhich I denying, they fell ſicke and dyed.
I could not doe withall: then ile repent,
and wiſh for all that, that I had not killd them;
And twenty of theſe punie lies ile tell,
that men ſhall ſweare I haue diſcontinued ſchoole
aboue a twelue-moneth: I haue within my minde
a thouſand raw tricks of theſe bragging Iacks,
vvhich I will practiſe.

Nerriſſ. Why, ſhall we turne to men?

Portia. Fie, what a queſtion's that,
if thou wert nere a lewd interpreter:
But come, ile tell thee all my my whole deuice
vvhen I am in my coach, which ſtayes for vs
at the Parke gate; and therefore haſt away,
for we muſt meaſure twenty miles to day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clowne and Ieſſica.

Clowne. Yes truly, for looke you, the ſinnes of the Father are to be laid vpon the children, therefore I promiſe you, I feare you, I was alwaies plaine with you, and ſo now I ſpeake my agitation of the matter: therefore be a good chere, for truly I thinke you are damnd, there is but one hope in it that can doe you any good, and that

that is but a kinde of baſtard hope neither.

Ieſſica. And what hope is that I pray thee?

Clowne. Marry you may partly hope that your Father got you not, that you are not the Iewes daughter.

Ieſſica. That were a kind of baſtard hope in deede, ſo the ſinnes of my mother ſhould be viſited vpon me.

Clowne. Truly then I feare you are damnd both by father and mother: thus when I ſhun *Scilla* your father, I fall into *Caribdis* your mother; well, you are gone both wayes.

Ieſſica. I ſhall be ſau'd by my husband, he hath made me a Chriſtian?

Clowne. Truly the more to blame he, we were Chriſtians enow before, in as many as could well liue one by another: this making of Chriſtians will raiſe the price of Hogs, if we grow all to be pork eaters, we ſhall not ſhortly haue a raſher on the coles for mony.

Enter Lorenzo.

Ieſſ. Ile tell my husband *Launcelet* what you ſay, here he come?

Loren. I ſhall grow iealious of you ſhortly *Launcelet*, if you thus get my wife into corners?

Ieſſica. Nay, you neede not feare vs *Lorenzo*, *Launcelet* and I are out, he tells me flatly there's no mercy for mee in heauen, becauſe I am a Iewes daughter: and he ſayes you are no good member of the common-wealth, for in conuerting Iewes to Chriſtians, you raiſe the price of porke.

Loren. I ſhall anſwere that better to the common-wealth than you can the getting vp of the Negroes belly: the Moore is vvith child by you *Launcelet*?

Clowne. It is much that the Moore ſhould be more then reaſon: but if ſhe be leſſe then an honeſt woman, ſhe is indeede more then I tooke her for.

Loren. How euery foole can play vpon the word, I thinke the beſt grace of wit will ſhortly turne into ſilence, and diſcourſe grow commendable in none onely but Parrats: goe in ſirra, bid them prepare for dinner?

Clowne. That is done ſir, they haue all ſtomacks?

Loren. Goodly Lord what a wit ſnapper are you, than bid them prepare dinner?

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Clowne. That is done to ſir, onely couer is the word.

Loren. Will you couer than ſir?

Clowne. Not ſo ſir neither, I know my duty.

Loren. Yet more quarrelling with occaſion, wilt thou ſhewe the whole wealth of thy wit in an inſtant; I pray thee vnderſtand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: goe to thy fellowes, bid them couer the table, ſerue in the meate, and we will come in to dinner.

Clowne. For the table ſir, it ſhall be ſeru'd in, for the meate ſir, it ſhall be couerd, for your comming in to dinner ſir, why let it be as humors and conceites ſhall gouerne. *Exit Clowne.*

Loren. O deare diſcretion, how his words are ſuted,
The foole hath planted in his memorie
an Armie of good words, and I doe know
a many fooles that ſtand in better place,
garniſht like him, that for a trickſie word
defie the matter: how cherſt thou *Ieſſica*,
And now good ſweet ſay thy opinion,
How dooſt thou like the Lord *Baſſanios* wife?

Ieſſi. Paſt all expreſſing, it is very meete
the Lord *Baſſanio* liue an vpright life
For hauing ſuch a bleſſing in his Lady,
he findes the ioyes of heauen heere on earth,
And if on earth he doe not meane it, it
in reaſon he ſhould neuer come to heauen?
Why, if two Gods ſhould play ſome heauenly match,
and on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one: there muſt be ſomthing elſe
paund with the other, for the poore rude world
hath not her fellow.

Loren. Euen ſuch a husband
haſt thou of me, as ſhe is for wife.

Ieſſi. Nay, but aske my opinion to of that?

Loren. I will anone, firſt let vs goe to dinner?

Ieſſi. Nay, let me praiſe you while I haue a ſtomack?

Loren. No pray thee, let it ſerue for table talke,
Then how ſo mere thou ſpeakſt mong other things,
I ſhall diſgeſt it?

Ieſſi.

Ieſſi. Well, ile ſet you forth. *Exit.*

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Anthonio, Baſſanio, and Gratiano.

Duke. What, is *Anthonio* heere?

Antho. Ready, ſo pleaſe your grace?

Duke. I am ſorry for thee, thou art come to aunſwere
a ſtonie aduerſarie, an inhumaine wretch,
vncapable of pitty, voyd, and empty
from any dram of mercie.

Antho. I haue heard
your grace hath tane great paines to quallifie
his rigorous courſe; but ſince he ſtands obdurate,
And that no lawfull meanes can carry me
out of his enuies reach, I doe oppoſe
my patience to his furie, and am armd
to ſuffer with a quietnes of ſpirit,
the very tiranny and rage of his.

Duke. Goe one and call the Iew into the Court.

Salerio. He is ready at the dore, he comes my Lord.

Enter Shylocke.

Duke. Make roome, and let him ſtand before our face.
Shylocke the world thinks, and I thinke ſo to
that thou but leadeſt this faſhion of thy mallice
to the laſt houre of act, and then tis thought
thowlt ſhew thy mercy and remorſe more ſtrange,
than is thy ſtrange apparant cruelty;
and where thou now exacts the penalty,
vvhich is a pound of this poore Merchants fleſh,
thou wilt not onely looſe the forfaiture,
but toucht with humaine gentlenes and loue:
Forgiue a moytie of the principall,
glauncing an eye of pitty on his loſſes
that haue of late ſo hudled on his backe,
Enow to preſſe a royall Merchant downe;
And pluck comiſeration of this ſtates
from braſſie boſomes and rough harts of flints,
from ſtubborne Turkes, and Tarters neuer traind

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to offices of tender curteſie:
We all expect a gentle anſwere Iewe?
Iewe. I haue poſſeſt your grace of what I purpoſe,
and by our holy Sabaoth haue I ſworne
to haue the due and forfet of my bond,
if you deny it, let the danger light
vpon your charter and your Cities freedome?
Youle aske me why I rather chooſe to haue
a weight of carrion fleſh, then to receaue
three thouſand ducats: Ile not anſwer that?
But ſay it is my humour, is it anſwerd?
What if my houſe be troubled with a Rat,
and I be pleaſd to giue ten thouſand ducats
to haue it baind? vvhat, are you anſwerd yet?
Some men there are loue not a gaping pigge?
Some that are mad if they behold a Cat?
And others when the bagpipe ſings ith noſe,
cannot containe their vrine for affection.
Maiſters of paſſion ſwayes it to the moode
of what it likes or loathes, now for your anſwer:
As there is no firme reaſon to be rendred
vvhy he cannot abide a gaping pigge?
vvhy he a harmeleſſe neceſſarie Cat?
vvhy he a woollen bagpipe: but of force
muſt yeeld to ſuch inuitable ſhame,
as to offend himſelfe being offended:
So can I giue no reaſon, nor I will not,
more then a lodgd hate, and a certaine loathing
I beare *Anthonio*, that *I* follow thus
a looſing ſute againſt him? are you anſwered?
Baſſ. This is no anſwer thou vnfeeling man,
to excuſe the current of thy cruelty?
Iewe. *I* am not bound to pleaſe thee with my anſwers?
Baſſ. Doe all men kill the things they doe not loue?
Iewe. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Baſſ. Euery offence is not a hate at firſt?
Iewe. What wouldſt thou haue a ſerpent ſting thee twice?

Anth.

Anth. *I* pray you think you queſtion with the *Iewe*,
you may as well goe ſtand vpon the Beach
and bid the maine flood bate his vſuall height,
you may as vvell vſe queſtion with the Woolfe
vvhy he hath made the Ewe bleake for the Lambe:
You may as well forbid the mountaine of Pines
to wag their high tops, and to make no noiſe
vvhen they are fretten with the guſts of heauen:
You may as well doe any thing moſt hard
as ſeeke to ſoften that then which what's harder:
his *Iewiſh* hart? therefore *I* doe beſeech you
make no moe offers, vſe no farther meanes,
but with all briefe and plaine conueniencie
let me haue iudgement, and the *Iewe* his will?
Baſſ. For thy three thouſand ducats heere is ſixe?
Iewe. *If* euery ducat in ſixe thouſand ducats
vvere in ſixe parts, and euery part a ducat,
I would not draw them, *I* would haue my bond?
Duke. How ſhalt thou hope for mercy rendring none?
Iewe. What iudgment ſhall *I* dread doing no wrong?
you haue among you many a purchaſt ſlaue,
vvhich like your Aſſes, and your Dogs and Mules
you vſe in abiect and in ſlauiſh parts,
becauſe you bought them, ſhall *I* ſay to you,
let them be free, marry them to your heires?
vvhy ſweat they vnder burthens, let their beds
be made as ſoft as yours, and let their pallats
be ſeaſond with ſuch viands, you will anſwer
the ſlaues are ours, ſo doe *I* anſwer you:
The pound of fleſh which *I* demaund of him
is deerely bought, as mine and *I* will haue it:
if you deny me, fie vpon your Law,
there is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I ſtand for iudgement, anſwer, ſhall I haue it?
Duke. Vpon my power *I* may diſmiſſe this Court,
vnleſſe *Bellario* a learned Doctor,
whom *I* haue ſent for to determine this

Come

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Come heere to day?

Salerio. My Lord, heere ſtayes without
a meſſenger with letters from the Doctor,
new come from Padua?

Duke. Bring vs the letters? call the Meſſenger?

Baſſ. Good cheere *Anthonio*? what man, courage yet:
The Iew ſhall haue my fleſh, blood, bones and all,
ere thou ſhalt looſe for me one drop of blood?

Antho. *I* am a tainted vveather of the flocke,
meeteſt for death, the weakeſt kind of fruite
drops earlieſt to the ground, and ſo let me;
You cannot better be imployd *Baſſanio*,
then to liue ſtill and write mine Epitaph?

Enter Nerriſſa.

Duke. Came you from Padua from *Bellario*?

Ner. From both? my L. *Bellario* greetes your grace?

Baſſ. Why dooſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly?

Iewe. To cut the forfaiture from that bankrout there?

Gratia. Not on thy ſoule: but on thy ſoule harſh Iew
thou makſt thy knife keene: but no mettell can,
no, not the hangmans axe beare halfe the keeneneſſe
of thy ſharpe enuie: can no prayers pearce thee?

Iewe. No, none that thou haſt wit enough to make.

Gratia. O be thou damnd, inexecrable dogge,
And for thy life let iuſtice be accuſd;
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me wauer in my faith,
to hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
that ſoules of Animalls infuſe themſelues
into the trunks of men: Thy curriſh ſpirit
gouernd a Woolfe, who hangd for humaine ſlaughter
euen from the gallowes did his fell ſoule fleete,
and whileſt thou layeſt in thy vnhallowed dam;
infuſd it ſelfe in thee: for thy deſires
are vvoluiſh, bloody, ſtaru'd, and rauenous.

Iewe. Till thou canſt raile the ſeale from off my bond,
Thou but offendſt thy lungs to ſpeake ſo loud:
Repaire thy wit good youth, or it will fall

to cureleſſe ruine. I ſtand heere for law.

Duke. This letter from *Bellario* doth commend
a young and learned Doctor to our Court:
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by
to know your aunſwer whether youle admit him.

Duke. With all my hart: ſome three or foure of you
goe giue him curteous conduct to this place,
meane time the Court ſhall heare *Bellarios* letter.

Your Grace ſhall vnderſtand, that at the receit of your letter I am very ſicke, but in the inſtant that your meſſenger came, in louing viſitation was with me a young Doctor of Rome, his name is *Balthazer*: *I* acquainted him with the cauſe in cõtrouerſie between the *Iew* and *Anthonio* the Merchant, wee turnd ore many bookes together, hee is furniſhed with my opinion, which bettered vvith his owne learning, the greatnes whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him at my importunitie, to fill vp your graces requeſt in my ſtead. *I* beſeech you let his lacke of yeeres be no impediment to let him lacke a reuerend eſtimation, for *I* neuer knew ſo young a body with ſo olde a head: I leaue him to your gracious acceptance, whoſe tryall ſhall better publiſh his commendation.

Enter *Portia* for *Balthazer*.

Duke. You heare the learnd *Bellario* what he writes,
and heere I take it is the doctor come.
Giue me your hand, come you from old *Bellario*?

Portia. *I* did my Lord.

Duke. You are welcome, take your place:
are you acquainted with the difference
that holds this preſent queſtion in the Court.

Por. *I* am enformed throughly of the cauſe,
vvhich is the Merchant here? and which the *Iew*?

Duke. *Anthonio* and old *Shylocke*, both ſtand forth.

Por. Is your name *Shylocke*?

Iew. *Shylocke* is my name.

Por. Of a ſtrange nature is the ſute you follow,
yet in ſuch rule, that the Venetian law

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cannot impugne you as you doe proceed.
You ſtand within his danger, doe you not.
An. I, ſo he ſayes.
Por. Doe you confeſſe the bond?
An. I doe.
Por. Then muſt the Iew be mercifull.
Shy. On what compulſion muſt I, tell me that.
Por. The qualitie of mercie is not ſtraind,
it droppeth as the gentle raine from heauen
vpon the place beneath: it is twiſe bleſt,
it bleſſeth him that giues, and him that takes,
tis mightieſt in the mightieſt, it becomes
the throned Monarch better then his crowne.
His ſcepter ſhowes the force of temporall power,
the attribut to awe and maieſtie,
vvherein doth ſit the dread and feare of Kings:
but mercie is aboue this ſceptred ſway,
it is enthroned in the harts of Kings,
it is an attribut to God himſelfe;
and earthly power doth then ſhow likeſt gods
vvhen mercie ſeaſons iuſtice: therefore Iew,
though iuſtice be thy plea, conſider this,
that in the courſe of iuſtice, none of vs
ſhould ſee ſaluation: vve doe pray for mercy,
and that ſame prayer, doth teach vs all to render
the deedes of mercie. I haue ſpoke thus much
to mittigate the iuſtice of thy plea,
vvhich if thou follow, this ſtrict Court of Venice
muſt needes giue ſentence gainſt the Merchant there.
Shy. My deeds vpon my head, I craue the law,
the penalty and forfaite of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to diſcharge the money?
Baſſ. Yes, heere I tender it for him in the Court,
yea, twiſe the ſumme, if that will not ſuffiſe,
I will be bound to pay it ten times ore
on forfait of my hands, my head, my hart,
if this will not ſuffiſe, it muſt appeare

that malice beares downe truth. And I beſeech you
wreſt once the law to your authoritie,
to doe a great right, doe a little wrong,
and curbe this cruell deuill of his will.
Por. It muſt not be, there is no power in Venice
can altar a decree eſtabliſhed:
twill be recorded for a precedent,
and many an errour by the ſame example
will ruſh into the ſtate, it cannot be.
Shy. A Daniell come to iudgement: yea a Daniell.
O wiſe young Iudge how I doe honour thee.
Por. I pray you let me looke vpon the bond.
Shy. Heere tis moſt reuerend doctor, here it is.
Por. *Shylocke* theres thrice thy money offred thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath, I haue an oath in heauen,
ſhall I lay periurie vpon my ſoule?
Not not for Venice.
Por. Why this bond is forfait,
and lawfully by this the Iew may claime
a pound of fleſh, to be by him cut off
neereſt the Merchants hart: be mercifull,
take thrice thy money, bid me teare the bond.
Shy. When it is payd, according to the tenure.
It doth appeare you are a worthy iudge,
you know the law, your expoſition
hath beene moſt ſound: I charge you by the law,
vvhereof you are a well deſeruing piller,
proceede to iudgement: by my ſoule I ſweare,
there is no power in the tongue of man
to alter me, I ſtay here on my Bond,
An. Moſt hartelie I doe beſeech the Court
to giue the iudgement.
Por. Why than thus it is,
you muſt prepare your boſome for his knife.
Shy. O noble Iudge, ô excellent young man.
Por. For the intent and purpoſe of the law
hath full relation to the penaltie,

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vvhich heere appeareth due vpon the bond.

Iew. Tis very true: ô wise and vpright Iudge,
how much more elder art thou then thy lookes.

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosome.

Iew. I, his breast,
so sayes the bond, doth it not noble Iudge?
Nearest his hart, those are the very words.

Por. It is so, are there ballance here to weigh the flesh?

Iew. I haue them ready.

Por. Haue by some Surgion *Shylocke* on your charge,
to stop his wounds, least he doe bleede to death.

Iew. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so expresst, but what of that?
Twere good you doe so much for charitie.

Iew. I cannot finde it, tis not in the bond.

Por. You Merchant, haue you any thing to say?

Ant. But little; *I* am armd and well prepard,
giue me your hand *Bassanio*, far you well,
greeue not that *I* am falne to this for you:
for heerein Fortune showes her selfe more kind
then is her custome: it is still her vse
to let the wretched man out-liue his wealth,
to view with hollow eye and wrinckled brow
an age of pouertie: from which lingring pennance
of such misery doth she cut me of.
Commend me to your honourable wife,
tell her the processe of *Anthonios* end,
say how I lou'd you, speake me faire in death:
and when the tale is told, bid her be iudge
vvhether *Bassanio* had not once a loue:
Repent but you that you shall loose your friend
and he repents not that he payes your debt.
For if the *Iew* doe cut but deepe enough,
*I*le pay it instantly with all my hart.

Bass. *Anthonio*, *I* am married to a wife
which is as deere to me as life it selfe,
but life it selfe, my wife, and all the world,

are not with me esteemd aboue thy life.
I would loose all, I sacrifize them all
heere to this deuill, to deliuer you.

Por. Your wife would giue you little thankes for that
if she were by to heare you make the offer.

Gra. I haue a wife who *I* protest *I* loue,
I would she were in heauen, so she could
intreate some power to change this currish Iew.

Ner. Tis well you offer it behind her back,
the wish would make else an vnquiet house.

Iew. These be the christian husbands, *I* haue a daughter
vvould any of the stocke of Barrabas
had beene her husband, rather then a Christian.
We trifle time, *I* pray thee pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same Merchants flesh is thine,
the Court awards it, and the law doth giue it.

Iew. Most rightfull Iudge.

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast,
the law alowes it, and the court awards it.

Iew. Most learned Iudge, a sentence, come prepare.

Por. Tarry a little, there is some thing else,
this bond doth giue thee heere no iote of blood,
the words expresly are a pound of flesh:
take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,
but in the cutting it, if thou doost shed
one drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
are by the lawes of Venice confiscate
vnto the state of Venice.

Gra. O vpright Iudge,
Marke Iew, ô learned *I*udge.

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thy selfe shalt see the Act:
for as thou vrgest iustice, be assurd
thou shalt haue iustice more then thou desirst.

Gra. O learned iudge, mark *I*ew, a learned iudge.

Iew. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice
and let the Christian goe.

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Baſſ. Heere is the money.

Por. Soft,the Iew ſhal haue all iuſtice,ſoft no haſt,
he ſhall haue nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Iew, an vpright Iudge,a learned Iudge.

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut of the fleſh,
Shed thou no blood,nor cut thou leſſe nor more
but iuſt a pound of fleſh: if thou tak'ſt more
or leſſe then a iuſt pound, be it but ſo much
as makes it light or heauy in the ſubſtance,
or the deuiſion of the twentith part
of one poore ſcruple, nay if the ſcale doe turne
but in the eſtimation of a hayre,
thou dyeſt, and all thy goods are confiſcate.

Gra. A ſecond Daniell, a Daniell Iew,
now infidell *I* haue you on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Iew pauſe, take thy forfaiture.

Shy. Giue me my principall, and let me goe.

Baſſ. I haue it ready for thee, here it is.

Por. Hee hath refuſd it in the open Court,
hee ſhall haue meerely iuſtice and his bond.

Gra. A Daniell ſtill ſay *I*, a ſecond Daniell,
I thanke thee *Iew* for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall *I* not haue barely my principall?

Por. Thou ſhalt haue nothing but the forfaiture
to be ſo taken at thy perrill Iew.

Shy. Why then the deuill giue him good of it:
Ile ſtay no longer queſtion.

Por. Tarry Iew,
the law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the lawes of Venice,
if it be proued againſt an alien,
that by direct, or indirect attempts
he ſeeke the life of any Citizen,
the party gainſt the which he doth contriue,
ſhall ſeaze one halfe his goods, the other halfe
comes to the priuie coffer of the State,
and the offenders life lies in the mercy

of

of the Duke onely, gainſt all other voyce.
In which predicament I ſay thou ſtandſt:
for it appeares by manifeſt proceeding,
that indirectly, and directly to
thou haſt contriued againſt the very life
of the defendant: and thou haſt incurd
the danger formerly by me rehearſt.
Downe therefore, and beg mercie of the Duke.

Gra. Beg that thou maiſt haue leaue to hang thy ſelfe,
and yet thy wealth beeing forfait to the ſtate,
thou haſt not left the value of a cord,
therefore thou muſt be hangd at the ſtates charge.

Duke. That thou ſhalt ſee the difference of our ſpirit
I pardon thee thy life before thou aske it:
for halfe thy wealth, it is *Anthonios*,
the other halfe comes to the generall ſtate,
vvhich humblenes may driue vnto a fine.

Por. I for the ſtate, not for *Anthonio*.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that,
you take my houſe, when you doe take the prop
that doth ſuſtaine my houſe: you take my life
vvhen you doe take the meanes whereby *I* liue.

Por. What mercy can you render him *Anthonio*?

Gra. A halter gratis, nothing elſe for Godſake.

Anth. So pleaſe my Lord the Duke, & all the Court
to quit the fine for one halfe of his goods,
I am content: ſo he will let me haue
the other halfe in vſe, to render it
vpon his death vnto the Gentleman
that lately ſtole his daughter.
Two things prouided more, that for this fauour
he preſently become a Chriſtian:
the other, that he doe record a gift
heere in the Court of all he dies poſſeſt
vnto his ſonne *Lorenzo* and his daughter.

Duke. He ſhall doe this, or elſe I doe recant
the pardon that I late pronounced heere.

Por.

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Por. Art thou contented Iew? what doſt thou ſay?
Shy. I am content.
Por. Clarke, draw a deede of gift.
Shy. I pray you giue me leaue to goe from hence,
I am not well, ſend the deede after me,
and I will ſigne it.
Duke. Get thee gone, but doe it.
Shy. In chriſtning ſhalt thou haue two Godfathers,
had I beene iudge, thou ſhouldſt haue had ten more,
to bring thee to the gallowes, not to the font. *Exit.*
Duke. Sir I entreate you home with me to dinner.
Por. I humbly doe deſire your Grace of pardon,
I muſt away this night toward Padua,
and it is meete I preſently ſet forth.
Duke. I am ſorry that your leyſure ſerues you not.
Anthonio, gratifie this gentleman,
for in my mind you are much bound to him.
Exit Duke and his traine.
Baſſ. Moſt worthy gentleman, I and my friend
haue by your wiſedome been this day aquitted
of greeuous penalties, in lewe whereof,
three thouſand ducats due vnto the *Iew*
wee freely cope your curtious paines withall.
An. And ſtand indebted ouer and aboue
in loue and ſeruice to you euer-more.
Por. Hee is well payd that is well ſatisfied,
and I deliuering you, am ſatisfied,
and therein doe account my ſelfe well payd,
my minde was neuer yet more mercinarie.
I pray you know me when we meete againe,
I wiſh you well, and ſo I take my leaue.
Baſſ. Deere ſir, of force *I* muſt attempt you further,
take ſome remembrance of vs as a tribute,
not as fee: graunt me two things I pray you,
not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Por. You preſſe me farre, and therefore *I* wil yeeld,
giue mee your gloues, Ile weare them for your ſake,
and

and for your loue ile take this ring from you,
doe not draw back your hand, ile take no more,
and you in loue ſhall not denie me this?
Baſſ. This ring good ſir, alas it is a trifle,
I will not ſhame my ſelfe to giue you this?
Por. I will haue nothing elſe but onely this,
and now me thinks I haue a minde to it?
Baſſ. There's more depends on this then on the valew,
the deareſt ring in Venice will I giue you,
and finde it out by proclamation,
onely for this I pray you pardon me?
Por. I ſee ſir you are liberall in offers,
you taught me firſt to beg, and now me thinks
you teach me how a begger ſhould be aunſwerd.
Baſſ. Good ſir, this ring was giuen me by my wife,
and when ſhe put it on, ſhe made me vowe
that I ſhould neither ſell, nor giue, nor looſe it.
Por. That ſcuſe ſerues many men to ſaue their gifts,
and if your wife be not a mad woman,
and know how well I haue deſeru'd this ring,
ſhe would not hold out enemy for euer
for giuing it to me: vvell, peace be with you. *Exeunt.*
Anth. My L. *Baſſanio*, let him haue the ring,
let his deſeruings and my loue withall
be valued gainſt your wiues commaundement.
Baſſ. Goe *Gratiano*, runne and ouer-take him,
giue him the ring, and bring him if thou canſt
vnto *Anthonios* houſe, away, make haſt. *Exit Gratiano.*
Come, you and I will thither preſently,
and in the morning early will we both
flie toward Belmont, come *Anthonio.*
Exeunt.

Enter Nerriſſa.

Por. Enquire the *Iewes* houſe out, giue him this deed,
and let him ſigne it, weele away to night,
and be a day before our husbands home:
this deede will be well welcome to *Lorenzo?*

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Enter Gratiano.

Grati. Faire sir, you are well ore-tane:
My L. *Bassanio* vpon more aduice,
hath sent you heere this ring, and doth intreate
your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be;
his ring I doe accept most thankfully,
and so I pray you tell him: furthermore,
I pray you shew my youth old *Shylockes* house.

Gra. That will I doe.

Ner. Sir, *I* would speake with you:
Ile see if *I* can get my husbands ring
vvhich I did make him sweare to keepe for euer.

Por. Thou maist I warrant, we shal haue old swearing
that they did giue the rings away to men;
but wele out-face them, and out-sweare them too:
away, make hast, thou knowst where I will tarry.

Ner. Come good sir, will you shew me to this house.

Enter Lorenzo and Iessica.

Lor. The moone shines bright. In such a night as this,
vvhen the sweet winde did gently kisse the trees,
and they did make no noyse, in such a night
Troylus me thinks mounted the Troian walls,
and sigh'd his soule toward the Grecian tents
vvhere *Cressed* lay that night.

Iessi. In such a night
did *Thisbie* fearefully ore-trip the dewe,
and saw the Lyons shadow ere him selfe,
and ranne dismayed away.

Loren. In such a night
stoode *Dido* with a willow in her hand
vpon the wilde sea banks, and waft her Loue
to come againe to Carthage.

Iessi. In such a night
Medea gathered the inchanted hearbs
that did renew old *Eson*.

Loren. In such a night

did *Iessica* steale from the wealthy Iewe,
and with an vnthrift loue did runne from Venice,
as farre as Belmont.

Iessi. In such a night
did young *Lorenzo* sweare he loued her well,
stealing her soule with many vowes of faith,
and nere a true one.

Loren. In such a night
did pretty *Iessica* (like a little shrow)
slaunder her Loue, and he forgaue it her.

Iessi. I would out-night you did no body come:
But harke, I heare the footing of a man.

Enter a Messenger.

Loren. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Messen. A friend?

Loren. A friend, what friend, your name I pray you friend?

Mess. Stephano is my name, and I bring word
my Mistres will before the breake of day
be heere at Belmont, she doth stray about
by holy crosses where she kneeles and prayes
for happy wedlock houres.

Loren. Who comes with her?

Mess. None but a holy Hermit and her mayd:
I pray you is my Maister yet returnd?

Loren. He is not, nor we haue not heard from him,
But goe we in I pray thee *Iessica*,
and ceremoniously let vs prepare
some welcome for the Mistres of the house. *Enter Clowne.*

Clowne. Sola, sola: wo ha, ho sola, sola.

Loren. Who calls?

Clo. Sola, did you see M. *Lorenzo*, & M. *Lorenzo* sola, sola.

Loren. Leaue hollowing man, heere.

Clowne. Sola, where, where?

Loren. Heere?

Clow. Tell him there's a Post come from my Maister, with his horne full of good newes, my Maister will be heere ere morning sweete soule.

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Loren. Let's in, and there expect their comming.
And yet no matter: why should we goe in.
My friend *Stephen*, signifie I pray you
within the house, your mistres is at hand,
and bring your musique foorth into the ayre.
How sweet the moone-light sleepes vpon this banke,
heere will we sit, and let the sounds of musique
creepe in our eares soft stilnes, and the night
become the tutches of sweet harmonie:
sit *Iessica*, looke how the floore of heauen
is thick inlayed with pattens of bright gold,
there's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdst
but in his motion like an Angell sings,
still quiring to the young eyde Cherubins;
such harmonie is in immortall soules,
but whilst this muddy vesture of decay
dooth grosly close it in, we cannot heare it:
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a himne,
with sweetest tutches pearce your mistres eare,
and draw her home with musique. *play Musique.*

Iessi. I am neuer merry when I heare sweet musique.

Loren. The reason is. your spirits are attentiue:
for doe but note a wild and wanton heard
or race of youthfull and vnhandled colts
fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neghing loude,
which is the hote condition of their blood,
if they but heare perchance a trumpet sound,
or any ayre of musique touch their eares,
you shall perceaue them make a mutuall stand,
their sauage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
by the sweet power of musique: therefore the Poet
did faine that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods.
Since naught so stockish hard and full of rage,
but musique for the time doth change his nature,
the man that hath no musique in himselfe,
nor is not moued with concord of sweet sounds,
is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoiles,

the motions of his spirit are dull as night,
and his affections darke as *Terebus*:
let no such man be trusted: marke the musique.

Enter Portia and Nerrissa.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall:
how farre that little candell throwes his beames,
so shines a good deede in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moone shone we did not see the candle?

Por. So dooth the greater glory dim the lesse,
a substitute shines brightly as a King
vntill a King be by, and then his state
empties it selfe, as doth an inland brooke
into the maine of waters: musique harke.

Ner. *It* is your musique Madame of the house?

Por. Nothing is good I see without respect,
me thinks it sounds much sweeter then by day?

Ner. Silence bestowes that vertue on it Madam?

Por. The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the Larke
when neither is attended: and I thinke
the Nightingale if she should sing by day
when euery Goose is cackling, would be thought
no better a Musition then the Renne?
How many things by season, seasond are
to their right prayse, and true perfection:
Peace, how the moone sleepes with Endimion,
and would not be awak'd.

Loren. That is the voyce,
or *I* am much deceau'd of *Portia*.

Por. He knowes me as the blind man knowes the Cuckoe
by the bad voyce?

Loren. Deere Lady welcome home?

Por. We haue bin praying for our husbands welfare,
which speed we hope the better for our words:
are they return'd?

Loren. Madam, they are not yet:
but there is come a Messenger before
to signifie their comming?

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Por. Goe in *Nerrissa*.
Giue order to my seruants, that they take
no note at all of our being absent hence,
nor you *Lorenzo*, *Jessica* nor you.

Loren. Your husband is at hand, I heare his trumpet,
vve are no tell-tales Madame, feare you not.

Por. This night me thinks is but the day light sicke,
it lookes a little paler, tis a day,
such as the day is when the sunne is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
if you would walke in absence of the sunne.

Por. Let me giue light, but let me not be light,
for a light wife doth make a heauie husband,
and neuer be *Bassanio* so for me,
but God sort all: you are welcome home my Lord.

Bass. I thank you Madam, giue welcome to my friend,
this is the man, this is *Anthonio*,
to whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sence be much bound to him,
for as I heare he was much bound for you.

Anth. No more then I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
it must appeare in other wayes then words,
therefore I scant this breathing curtesie.

Gra. By yonder moone I sweare you doe me wrong,
in faith I gaue it to the Iudges Clarke,
vvould he were gelt that had it for my part,
since you doe take it Loue so much at hart.

Por. A quarrell hoe already, what's the matter?

Grati. About a hoope of gold, a paltry ring
that she did giue me, whose posie was
for all the world like Cutlers poetry
vpon a knife, *Loue me, and leaue me not.*

Ner. What talke you of the posie or the valew:
You swore to me when I did giue you,

that you would weare it till your houre of death,
and that it should lie with you in your graue,
though not for me, yet for your vehement oathes,
you should haue beene respectiue and haue kept it.
Gaue it a Iudges Clarke: no Gods my Iudge
the Clarke will nere weare haire on's face that had it.

Gra. He will, and if he liue to be a man.

Nerrissa. I, if a woman liue to be a man.

Gra. Now by this hand I gaue it to a youth,
a kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
no higher then thy selfe, the Iudges Clarke,
a prating boy that begd it as a fee,
I could not for my hart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plaine with you,
to part so slightly with your wiues first gift,
a thing stuck on with oaths vpon your finger,
and so riueted with faith vnto your flesh.
I gaue my Loue a ring, and made him sweare
neuer to part with it, and heere he stands:
I dare be sworne for him he would not leaue it,
nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
that the world maisters. Now in faith *Gratiano*
you giue your wife too vnkind a cause of griefe,
and twere to me I should be mad at it.

Bass. Why I were best to cut my left hand off,
and sweare I lost the ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord *Bassanio* gaue his ring away
vnto the Iudge that begd it, and indeede
deseru'd it too: and then the boy his Clarke
that tooke some paines in writing, he begd mine,
and neither man nor maister would take ought
but the two rings.

Por. What ring gaue you my Lord?
Not that I hope which you receau'd of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie vnto a fault,
I would deny it: but you see my finger
hath not the ring vpon it, it is gone.

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Por. Euen so voyd is your false hart of truth.
By heauen I will nere come in your bed
vntill *I* see the ring?
Ner. Nor I in yours
till I againe see mine?
Bass. Sweet *Portia*,
if you did know to whom I gaue the ring,
if you did know for whom *I* gaue the ring,
and would conceaue for what *I* gaue the ring,
and how vnwillingly I left the ring,
when naught would be accepted but the ring,
you would abate the strength of your displeasure?
Por. If you had knowne the vertue of the ring,
or halfe her worthines that gaue the ring,
or your owne honour to containe the ring,
you would not then haue parted with the ring:
what man is there so much vnreasonable
if you had pleasd to haue defended it
with any termes of zeale: wanted the modesty
to vrge the thing held as a ceremonie:
Nerrissa teaches me what to beleeue,
ile die for't, but some woman had the ring?
Bass. No by my honour Madam, by my soule
no woman had it, but a ciuill Doctor,
which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
and begd the ring, the which I did denie him,
and suffered him to goe displeasd away,
euen he that had held vp the very life
of my deere friend. What should *I* say sweet Lady,
I was inforc'd to send it after him,
I was beset with shame and curtesie,
my honour would not let ingratitude
so much besmere it: pardon me good Lady,
for by these blessed candels of the night,
had you been there, I think you would haue begd
the ring of me to giue the worthy Doctor?
Por. Let not that Doctor ere come neere my house since

since he hath got the iewell that I loued,
and that which you did sweare to keepe for me,
I will become as liberall as you,
Ile not deny him any thing I haue,
no, not my body, nor my husbands bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.
Lie not a night from home. Watch me like Argos,
if you doe not, if I be left alone,
now by mine honour which is yet mine owne,
ile haue that Doctor for mine bedfellow.
Nerrissa. And I his Clark: therefore be well aduisd
how you doe leaue me to mine owne protection.
Gra. Well doe you so: let not me take him then,
for if I doe, ile mar the young Clarks pen.
Anth. I am th'vnhappy subiect of these quarrells.
Por. Sir, greeue not you, you are welcome notwithstanding.
Bass. *Portia*, forgiue me this enforced wrong,
and in the hearing of these many friends
I sweare to thee, euen by thine owne faire eyes
wherein I see my selfe.
Por. Marke you but that?
In both my eyes he doubly sees himselfe:
In each eye one, sweare by your double selfe,
and there's an oath of credite.
Bass. Nay, but heare me.
Pardon this fault, and by my soule I sweare
I neuer more will breake an oath with thee.
Anth. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
which but for him that had your husbands ring
had quite miscaried. *I* dare be bound againe,
my soule vpon the forfet, that your Lord
will neuer more breake faith aduisedly.
Por. Then you shall be his surety: giue him this,
and bid him keepe it better then the other.
Antho. Here Lord *Bassanio*, sweare to keepe this ring.
Bass. By heauen it is the same I gaue the Doctor.
Por. I had it of him: pardon me *Bassanio*,

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for by this ring the Doctor lay with me.

Nerrissa. And pardon me my gentle *Gratiano*,
for that same scrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke
in liew of this, last night did lie with me.

Grati. Why this is like the mending of high wayes
in Sommer where the wayes are faire enough?
What, are we cuckolds ere we haue deseru'd it.

Por. Speake not so grosly, you are all amaz'd;
Heere is a letter, reade it at your leasure,
It comes from Padua from *Bellario*,
there you shall finde that *Portia* was the Doctor,
Nerrissa there her Clarke. *Lorenzo* heere
shall witnes I set foorth as soone as you,
and euen but now returnd: *I* haue not yet
enterd my house. *Anthonio* you are welcome,
and I haue better newes in store for you
than you expect: vnseale this letter soone,
there you shall finde three of your Argosies
are richly come to harbour suddainly.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chaunced on this letter.

Antho. *I* am dumb?

Bass. Were you the Doctor, and *I* knew you not?

Gra. Were you the Clark that is to make me cuckold.

Ner. *I* but the Clarke that neuer meanes to doe it,
vnlesse he liue vntill he be a man.

Bass. (Sweet Doctor) you shall be my bedfellow,
vvhen *I* am absent then lie with my wife.

An. (Sweet Lady) you haue giuen me life and lyuing;
for heere *I* reade for certaine that my ships
are safely come to Rode.

Por. How now *Lorenzo*?
my Clarke hath some good comforts to for you.

Ner *I*, and ile giue them him without a fee.
There doe *I* giue to you and *Iessica*
from the rich *Iewe*, a speciall deede of gift
after his death, of all he dies possest of.

Loren.

Loren. Faire Ladies, you drop Manna in the way
of starued people.

Por. It is almost morning,
and yet I am sure you are not satisfied
of these euents at full. Let vs goe in,
and charge vs there vpon intergotories,
and we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so, the first intergotory
that my *Nerrissa* shall be sworne on, is,
vvhether till the next night she had rather stay,
or goe to bed now being two houres to day:
But were the day come, *I* should wish it darke
till *I* were couching with the Doctors Clarke.
Well, while *I* liue, ile feare no other thing
so sore, as keeping safe *Nerrissas* ring.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

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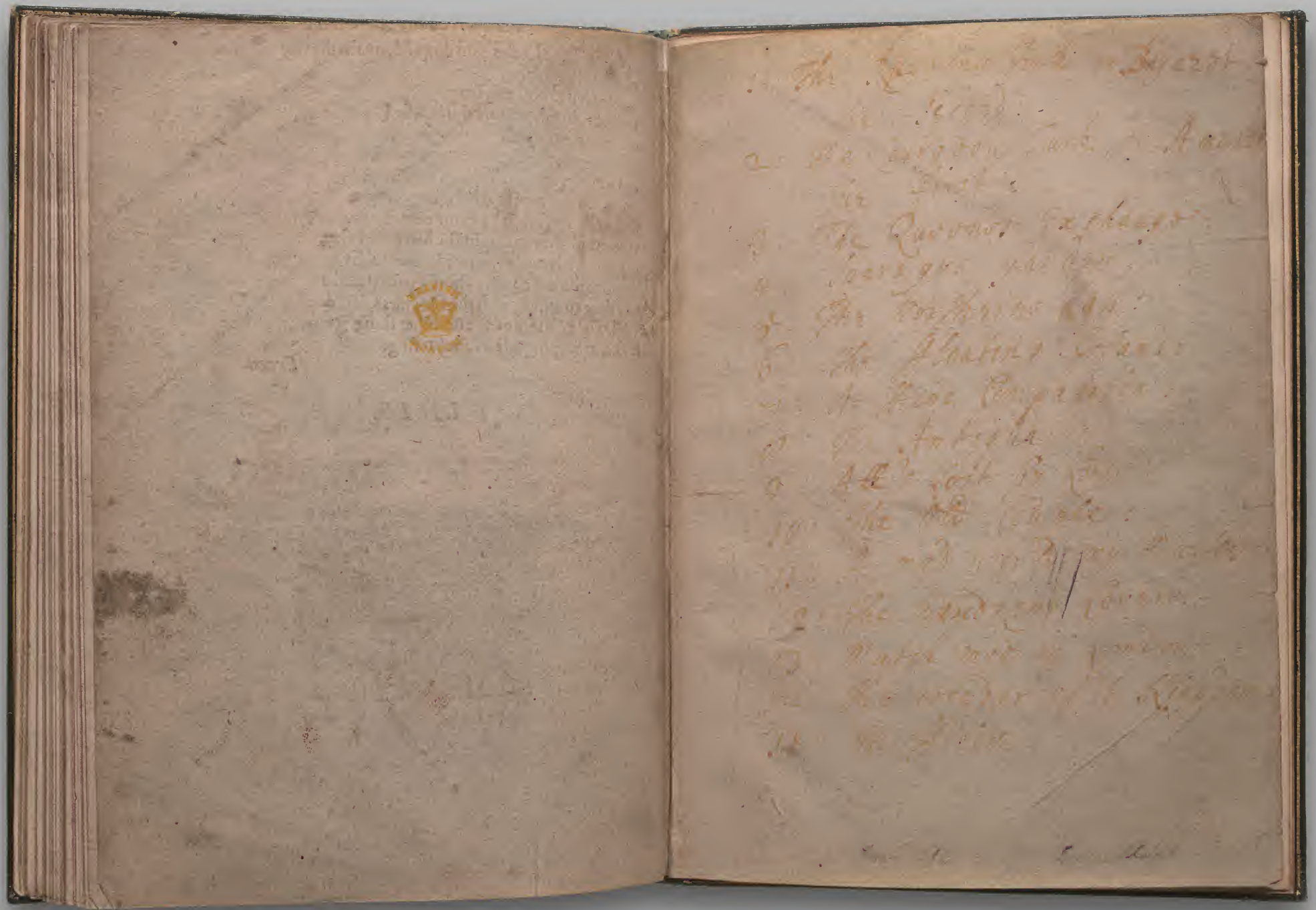

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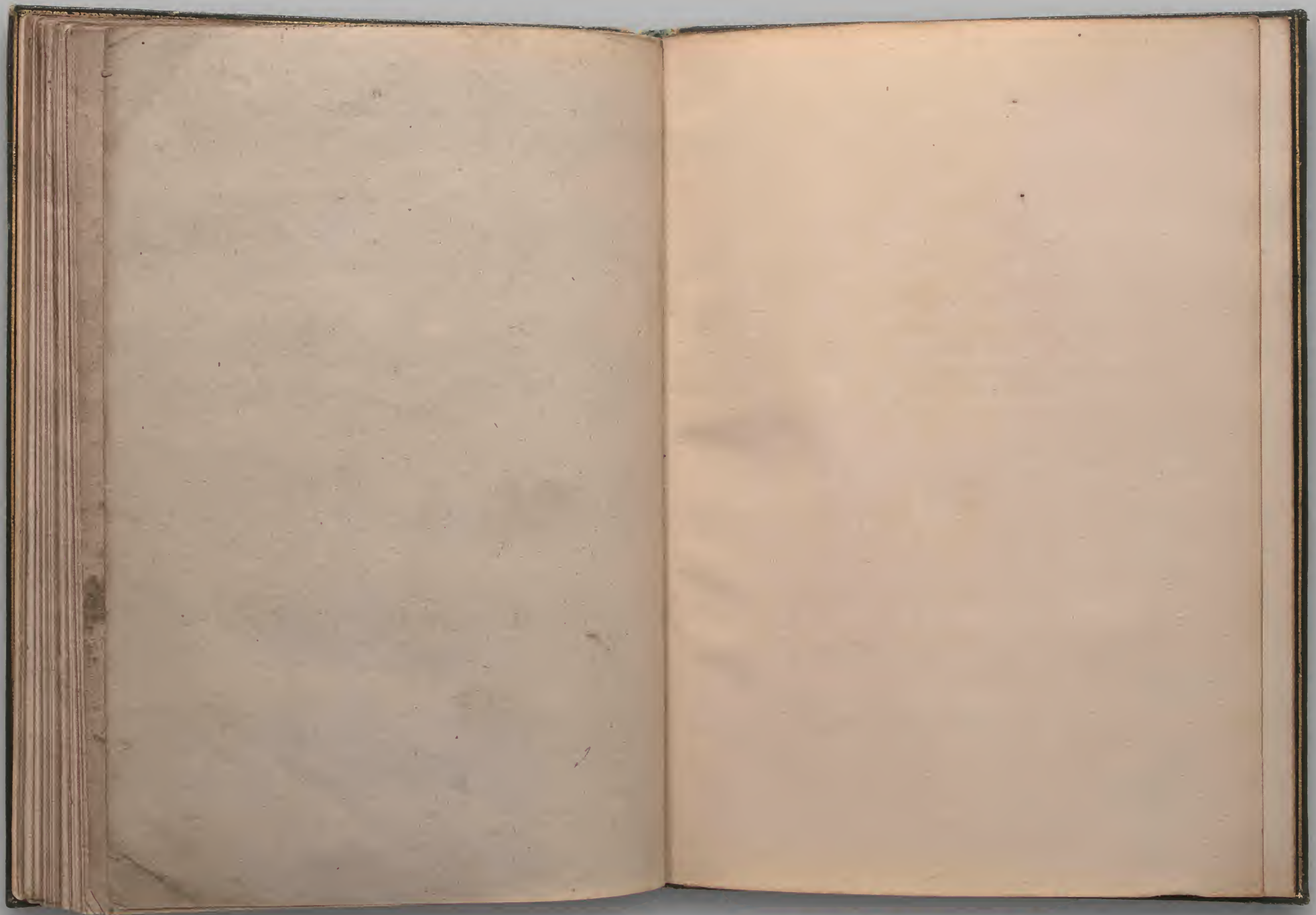

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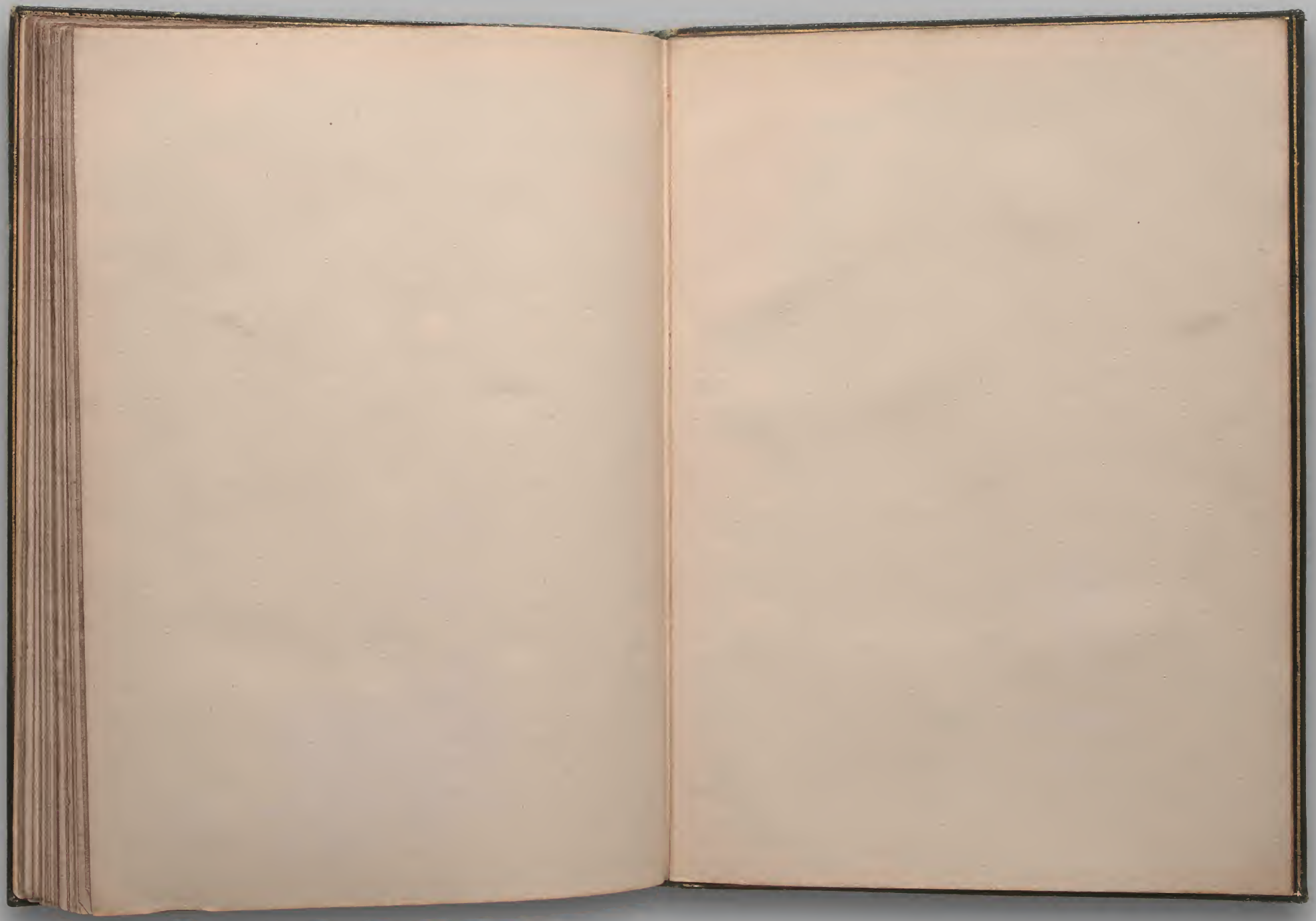

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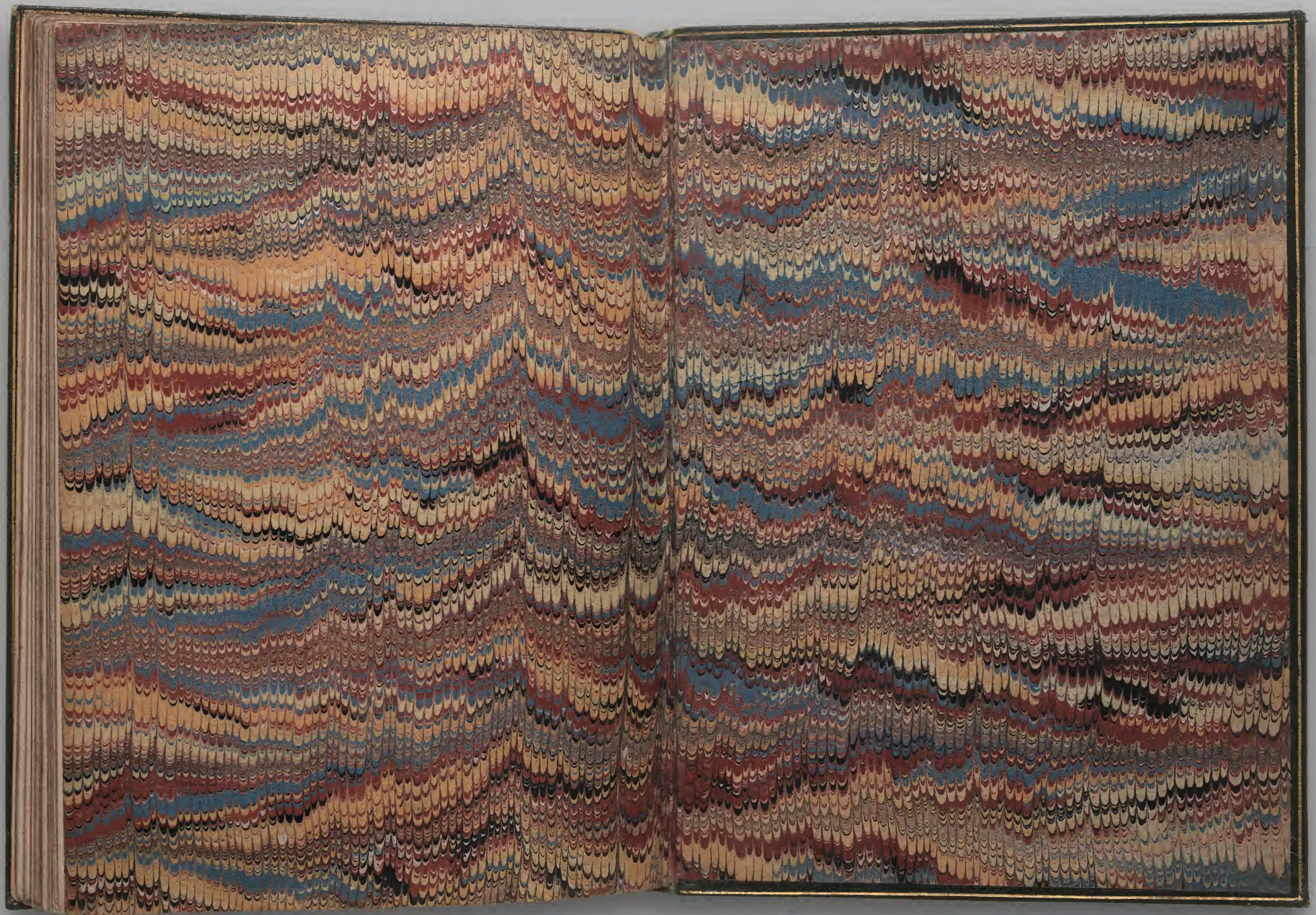

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